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MY BOY.

My little boy lies sleeping. Stirless now
Are the bare feet, so quick and restless lately;
And the blue eyes beneath his thoughtful brow
Are closed sedately.

One hand lies hid among the locks that float
In careless grace upon the yielding pillows;
The other on his breast rides like a boat
On summer billows.

About the couch where they his waking bide,
His whilome playthings lie in rare confusion;
And, underneath, the shoes he thought to hide
In safe seclusion.

He calmly sleeps. The wind moans at the door,
And in the room the firelight's fitful gleaming
Makes pleasant shadows on the crimson floor—
I sit a dreaming.

I see afar the veiled uncertain land,
That in the future waits his manhood's coming,
And strive to dissipate, with love's strong hand,
Its mists benumbing.

And is he of that race of laurelled kings,
The wearers of the purple of the poet?
Or like the heroes whom the poet sings?
His life will show it.

O, if he be a soul from falsehood free,
Though he should wear no laurels, sing no story,
To bear his part with honest men shall be
Enough of glory.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

CASPAR CASTING THE MAGIC BALLS.

CHAPTER V.

MISTRESS AND MAID—THE LOVERS.

"I am sure, my lady, nobody would think you were a happy bride, and to-morrow will be a happy wife."

"Why so, Linda?" inquired her lady, looking up from her embroidery with a sigh.

"Because you are so sad and melancholy. I see no reason why you should not be as gay as a lark, when you have so many particular blessings in your favor."

"Is that the preface to the list of my special blessings, Linda?" asked Bertha, with a languid smile.

"No, my lady; but now I'll begin. First, then, you love, and are beloved by one of the handsomest, gayest, and most courageous youths in the King of Bohemia's renowned jager band."

"True; so far I am blessed. Proceed."

"Is he not the best marksman in the entire forest, and has he not been three times running crowned King of the Marksmen?"

"Yes, yes; he has well gained all those honors."

"Why, then have any doubt regarding his success to-morrow? Then there is your father, who, instead of being like most fathers in romance and story, angry at your choice, loves your future husband almost like a son."

"He does, and is as anxious about Wilhelm's success as I am; but then comes the fear—if he should fail, Linda. Should he fail to hit the bull's-eye, and the drunken Killian, or that dark, revengeful Caspar, should prove the victor, then—"

"What, Miss Bertha, what?" cried Linda, with a sudden fear.

"I must become the wife of one or the other—of him who proves the victor."

"Holy mother, what a situation! But no, I'll not believe such a danger possible. And see, my lady, here comes your lover full of hope and confidence, to banish all groundless alarm and gladden your heart with assurances of success and triumph!"

As she spoke, Wilhelm entered the rich oak chamber, with its gilded mouldings and painted ceiling, its stately pictures of war and the chase, mighty antlers, boar's heads, and a thousand emblems of the hunt and war.

"Give me joy, Bertha! give me joy!" cried Wilhelm, gayly, as with buoyant step he strode across the hall to reach the side of his affianced.

"Your presence is ever joy and pleasure to me, Wilhelm; and I always welcome and leave you with the same fervid wish that happiness and joy may be yours," replied Bertha, welcoming her lover with all the devotion of her pure heart.

"Oh, see my lady!" cried Linda, taking Wilhelm's jager-cap and holding it up to Bertha's view. "See! here is an augury of success. Oh, what a splendid plume!" and with every evidence of delight, the girl drew the long eagle-feather through her fingers. "only see, my lady!" and she held the cap high up, the better to display the length and breadth of the arching feather.

"It is indeed splendid; how—" replied Bertha, glancing inquiringly at the happy, smiling face of her lover.

"Aye, my Bertha, it is. How did I obtain it? Well, I have brave tidings to impart to you connected with that feather I am so proud of," rejoined Wilhelm, as Bertha returned the cap to Linda, after examining the raven plume.

"What is it, Wilhelm?" she whispered, leaning with loving confidence on the shoulder of the young and chivalrous jager.

"You know that my old skill with the rifle, once my pride and glory in many a past encounter, has lately quite deserted me, and I have been shamefully beaten by the youngest competitor at the butts."

"Alas! yes; I have heard that you had been unfortunate with every aim you had taken to-day. But, be not grieved, Wilhelm, nothing can change my love, which is too deeply fixed to be influenced by any reverses of fortune."

And she gazed into his eyes with a look of the most devoted affection.

"I know it well, my own dear Bertha; but I am not doomed to be always unfortunate. I believe I am now a truer marksman than ever, and have hastened here, late as it is, to impart my glad news to you—the joy and pride of my life!"

"And who will rejoice in your happiness more sincerely than your own true Bertha? Tell me all about it, Wilhelm?"

"I was wandering sadly across the shoulder of the Raubenzwold, after the sun had set, when looking up I perceived the eagle, whose feather you so much admire in my cap. It was then a mere speck in the sky. When it fell, I took that plume as a trophy."

"I am so glad, Wilhelm, for it will delight my father, who has been so anxious about you ever since his return from the village. He cannot bear the thought of my falling to any hand but yours, or that these old ancestral halls should become the property of the drunken Killian or—"

"Neither you or your dear father, Bertha, need have any apprehension about to-morrow; I feel that confidence in myself that insures success. I shall hit the mark as certain as I now address you. Have no fear, dearest Bertha, I shall gain the honor and win my bride, my true, my beautiful Bertha. But I must leave you now for a time, love; farewell! but only for a few hours," and Wilhelm turned as if to depart.

"What, must you go so soon? Wherefore this haste?"

"For a moment Wilhelm was embarrassed, and knew not how to reply; at length he stammered out—

"The fact is, dearest Bertha, I had, after killing the eagle, another shot, and killed a fat buck in the forest, and I must get it home to-night, for if the peasants or charcoal-burners find it in the morning, my share of the prize is like to be only the head and antlers."

"Is it far from here where you shot the the stag?" asked Bertha anxiously.

"It is, dearest, very deep in the forest; in fact almost at the mouth of the Wolf's Glen."

"The Wolf's Glen! Oh, horror! The Wolf's Glen, where the wild huntsman rides round and round with his hellish rout," ejaculated mistress and maid in tones of real alarm.

"You cannot, Bertha, believe in such idle superstition; or if you do, you would not have me alarmed by such weird traditions?"

"But must you return to such a dreaded place to-night? Is it really necessary, Wilhelm?"

"It *is*, indeed. I *must* go to-night."

"I know not what it is, but a host of strange terrors take sudden possession of my mind. I cannot bear to part with you. Oh! do not go; stay here, I beg of you."

"Do not go, Master Wilhelm; my mistress will know no rest or peace till she sees you again return in safety," importuned Linda, coming forward to plead for her mistress.

"It is impossible; I must go. What should I fear, Bertha? It is full moon to-night, and when she rises the forest will be as light as day."

"By your love for me, Wilhelm, I implore you not to go, but sacrifice your game, and stay, oh stay."

"Impossible, my dearest."

"You refuse my first and only request, Wilhelm," and she clung to his arm. "This is unkind. Oh! Wilhelm."

"I must, I must. Believe me, Bertha, it is for your love, for your sake. Farewell! leave me, dearest; I must, I must visit the Wolf's Glen to-night."

And disengaging himself from her clinging clasp, Wilhelm rushed from the apartment, as Bertha, covering her face with her hands, dropped her head on the shoulder of her faithful maid.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WOLF'S GLEN—THE INCANTATION—CASTING THE MAGIC BALLS.

The scene is a natural basin in the heart of the Black Forest.

Rifted crags, huge rocks, and fantastically-shaped mountains enclosed this gloomy hollow on every side.

Lofty pines, waving their black arms athwart the leaden sky like funeral plumage, crowned the top of every rock and mountain, and clothed front and side, from precipice to base, with their inky foliage, shutting in with barriers of wooded rock and mound the infernal dell.

Leaping over the brink of a precipice, some seventy feet from the base of the mountain, fell in one wide expanse a sheet of water.

This imposing cataract, rushing into a vast, unfathomed chasm in the earth beneath, vanished at once from sight, and from neither striking the rocks or earth in its descent, created no sound but the rushing noise of its own water as it flashed over the brink.

This unbroken, voiceless cataract added to the solemn ghastliness of the scene.

A blasted oak, tall but branchless, whose scared bark shone like silver, stood like a vast skeleton on one side of the dell; another withered, stunted tree grew from a low knoll directly opposite.

On the lowest limb of this knotted and distorted tree was perched an owl of unusual size and solemn aspect.

A dark, leaden-colored sky, with a scud of low black clouds hurrying along with immense velocity, almost totally hid the moon, which only at long intervals threw a sickly and fitful beam upon the scene.

Such was the aspect of the Wolf's Glen a few minutes before midnight.

So dark was all within the circumscribed space that formed the bottom of this weird and mystic spot, that the eye in vain tried to pierce the shadow that like a pall hung over the bottom.

A segment of the moon, peering for a few moments through a rift in the rack of clouds, threw a faint light on the glen, exposing the person of Caspar, busily but silently employed in preparing for his mystic rites.

Drawing his short hunter's sword or hanger, he first drew a circle on the spongy sward.

Having carefully defined his round, he next collected a number of black stones, and placing them at equal distances apart, *upon* the drawn line, after a time completed the charmed circle.

Scarcely had the last stone been placed when peals of low, muttering thunder rolled in circles round the heavens, directly over the glen.

The moment he heard the thunder, Caspar placed a skull, the wing of the eagle Wilhelm had shot, a crucible, and a bullet mould, in the centre of the ring.

He dropped on one knee, beside the skull and crucible, at the same moment that the moon was again obscured, and the muttering thunder ceased.

The death-like silence that reigned around was suddenly broken by a low, wild chorus that seemed to float upon the air—

"Mist hath fallen from the moon,
Blood the spider's web hath dyed.
Wooh! Wooh!

"Ere to-morrow reaches noon,
Death will wed another bride!
Wooh! Wooh!

"Ere descends another sun,
Deeds of darkness will be done!
Wooh! Wooh!"

The owl that sat on the stunted pine opened and closed its eyes at every line, and while flapping its heavy wings, whooped the burthen of each verse.

As the mysterious chorus died away, the deep notes of the church bell struck the hour of midnight.

At the first stroke Caspar sprang to his feet, and drawing his hanger, slowly walked round the inner circle, striking each black stone with the point of his sword.

Twelve!

As the last stroke of the bell pealed through the air, Caspar drove his blade through the skull, and raising the ghastly emblem of mortality towards the sky, exclaimed,

"By the power I hold over you, Zamiel, I summon you to appear, and answer to my bidding, whether in the caves beneath the earth, in mountain grotto, wood or brake, or skirring by in murky clouds; whether in earth, air or water—

"Hear me, Zamiel, hear me, hear,
By this murderer's skull, appear!"

Hardly had the last word passed the jager's lips, when, with a noise like subterranean thunder, one of the rocks split asunder with a fearful noise, and the Red Huntsman of the Harts, Zamiel the fiend, stood in the opening.

Dropping the skull and sword, Caspar fell on his knee before the demon of the forest.

"Wherefore am I summoned, mortal? Speak!" demanded the fiend.

"Thou knowest my time is almost come, my term of compact nearly expired, and my mortal race almost run," replied Caspar, humbly.

"Not yet; one day. The hours 'twixt now and midnight are yet thine own."

"Grant me a further boon of life. Give me three years."

"Away, trifler; no."

"I will find another victim."

"Thou has scant time."

"Nevertheless, Zamiel, I will."

"When?"

"Ere noon to-day."

"Whom?"

"One who gladly seeks to know thy dark mysteries."

"If so, mark thou the compact.

"'Six bullets shall his will obey,
The seventh is mine to mar or stay.'"

"Mighty Zamiel, hear me, and grant my supplication.

"'Turn the seventh aside,
And let it kill his bride!'"

"She is a mortal, and over her I have no power. No more."

"Grant me this delay, Zamiel, but three short years to live, and Wilhelm shall be thy creature."

"Enough, ere midnight thou or he
Must Zamiel's victim be."

A loud crash of thunder shook air and earth, the demon vanished, and the rock closed.

At the same moment the sword and skull sank through the earth, while a glowing furnace rose beneath the crucible, with a flask of wine.

When the demon first appeared, the clouds were swept from before the moon, but as he disappeared it became in a moment of a blood-red color, gleaming ominously, like a ball of fire from a leaden sky.

"Why tarries Wilhelm? He will not baulk me sure? Help me, Zamiel, help me here! 'Tis raw and bitter cold. What have we here?" he exclaimed, seeing the flask.

"Thanks, a thousand thanks, good Zamiel! Ha! this has warmed and cheered me," he added, putting down the flask, after imbibing a deep draught.

"The crucible is well nigh heated. Why comes not Wilhelm? Hark!"

At that moment Wilhelm appeared, groping his way down the rocks that overhung the glen.

"How dark and horribly wild this yawning pit appears; the moon has turned blood-red, and gives no light. What a fearful omen," cried the lover, descending as far as the blasted tree.

"What mean these shrouded forms that flit before my eyes, and with their withered arms wave me back? Why burns that fire? and why hoots that dismal owl?" he exclaimed, grasping the stem of the luminous tree.

"He comes at last. Thanks, Zamiel, for thy ready aid," muttered Caspar.

"I dare not ask the meaning of these portents; some power stronger than my will drags me on, and I must proceed," continued Wilhelm, in a tone of wailing protest at the unseen power of the fiend.

After a moment he cautiously advanced a few steps nearer the fatal circle.

"Thanks, thanks, Zamiel, he is in the meshes and is ours, body and soul," murmured Caspar, in a triumphant whisper; then, speaking aloud, he added,

"Who goes there? Ha! is that you, Wilhelm? Welcome, comrade, welcome! all is in readiness. Ha! know you this?" he added, as, after fanning the fire with its plumage, he held up the eagle's wing.

"Ah, yes, Caspar, I know it well. 'Tis the pinion of the eagle I shot—the tempter that brought me here."

"Haste, then, and lose not the precious moments, if—"

"If what?"

"Thou wouldst have the charmed bullets and secure the prize. Come."

"Merciful powers! What is this that rises on my sight! I dare not come, Caspar—I dare not!"

"I thought thee a man, Wilhelm, above such weak woman's fears," cried Caspar, aloud; then, in an earnest whisper, he continued imploringly,

"Aid me, Zamiel; quick, your aid!"

"My mother's spirit waves me back."

"What folly is this, Wilhelm? Look again. What see you now? Ha! ha! ha! Why, nothing!"

"'Tis gone, indeed. Gone!"

"True; of course the fancy has gone from your brain. But come, waste no longer time."

Wilhelm made a few steps nearer the black circlet of stones, when the form of Bertha suddenly appeared on the rock from which the sceptre had just vanished.

"Look! 'tis Bertha now who warns me to fly; there, on the rock. See how she importunes me! Mercy! oh, help! She throws herself in the cataract. I come, Bertha, I come!"

And, making a bound towards the falling water as the phantom vanished, Caspar caught him by the arm and dragged him inside the magic circle.

The moon disappeared on the instant, and a crash of thunder burst overhead.

"How awful is this darkness! What is to be done, Caspar?" asked Wilhelm, in a tremulous whisper.

"Peace, and listen!" replied his com-

panion, in the same subdued and fearful tones. "Be a man, and think only of Bertha; but on your life, whatever you may see or hear, speak not, move not."

After a moment's pause, and as the rim of the moon just rose above the black clouds, Caspar resumed, in the same low whisper,

"Mark me well, and learn the art. See."

And laying a pouch before him containing the ingredients, and taking them up one by one, he pronounced their names aloud, and as he did so, dropped each in the red crucible—

"Mark! LEAD, A LAPWING'S EYE, SNAKES' VENOM, GLASS FROM A CHURCH ALTAR, AN OWL'S HORNS, A FERRET'S TONGUE, SLIME FROM A MURDERER'S COFFIN, THREE CHARMED BALLS THAT HAVE HIT THEIR MARK, and last, to make the metal firm, QUICKSILVER AND SULPHUR-STONE!"

With solemn motion, Caspar then knelt down before the glowing furnace, and bent his head three several times over the contents of the crucible.

After thus blessing the smelting ingredients, he rose, and walking round the fire, chanted the following lines:—

"Ye spirits of the evil dead,
In mystic numbers bless this lead;
Three murderers, deep in blood alike,
Charm the bullets, that they strike!"

When he had finished, Caspar again bowed his head three times over the crucible, and removing it from the fire, took up the mould, and made ready to cast the bullets.

With every faculty absorbed in the contemplation of his companion, Wilhelm hung trembling over Caspar, watching with intense interest and absolute terror each operation, and as the fearful ceremony proceeded it was with the greatest difficulty, and only by exerting the most rigid control over himself, that he subdued the natural exclamations that rose to his lips as the process of casting went on.

Remembering Caspar's emphatic injunction neither to *speak* or *move*, but to think only of Bertha, he was enabled to suppress all emotion, and silently watch the awful mystery to the end.

With a hand that, by a strong effort, he made steady, Caspar poured the fluid metal in the mould, and after a brief pause opened the frame, and, allowing the bullet to fall in his hat, exclaimed in a loud voice—

"One!"

"One! one! one! one!" replied an echo from each quarter of the glen, each succeeding echo more hideous in its sound than the former.

"Whoop, whoop, whoop," hooted the owl.

The moment Caspar cried "one," myriads of kites, ravens, owls, and monstrous bats filled the glen, and hovered over the heads of Wilhelm and his companion, the owl on the tree at every casting opening and shutting its eyes, flapping its wings, and hooting dismally.

The moment the bullet fell all the birds vanished.

Again Caspar filled the mould, and dropping a bullet, proclaimed—

"Two!"

"Two! two! two! two!"

"Whoop, whoop, whoop."

At the instant the number was declared the Witch of the Wolf's Glen rose at Caspar's side, and stalked round him with defiant gestures; at the same time lizards, snakes, toads, and enormous serpents twined themselves round the circle, and threatened the two mortals with their forked tongues and venomous fangs, the whole vanishing in an instant as before.

"Three!"

"Three! three! three! three!"

"Whoop, whoop, whoop."

A terrific hurricane of wind and rain swept over the glen like a flash of lightning, tearing up trees, snapping others in two, and filling the air with flying branches, while hideous faces and heads of frightful monsters appeared in all directions, making revolting grimaces, and leering savagely at Caspar and his companion.

With a voice he in vain tried to make firm, Caspar, after repeating the former ceremony, cried—

"Four!"

"Four! four! four! four!"

"Whoop, whoop, whoop."

As this number was pronounced, the glen was filled with the most discordant noises, among which the rattling of wheels, cracking of whips, and the trampling of a host of charging horses, were the most conspicuous, while at the same time an enormous wheel of fire, throwing off sheets of flame at every revolution, rolled with fearful velocity round the magic circle.

With a deeply agitated voice, Caspar declared the next number—

"Five!"

"Five! five! five! five!"

"Whoop, whoop, whoop."

This number was followed by total darkness, by the wild cry of hunters, the vehement barking of dogs, neighing of horses, and the shrill, eldrich blast of the hunter's horn, instantly followed by the rout of a skeleton hunt; stags, dogs, horses, hunters, all skeletons, flashed round the circuit of the glen like a meteor, amidst all the wild shouts and fiendish revelry of a hellish race.

The white bones of the skeletons gleamed out of the darkness like phosphorescent fire.

"Horror of horrors! what a fearful omen!" gasped Caspar, as the infernal crew vanished. "It is the Wild Hunter's skeleton chase!"

"Six!"

"Six! six! six! six!"

"Whoop, whoop, whoop."

A terrific storm of rain, hail, and thunder broke on the instant over the glen, while sheets of lightning and fiery meteors flashed with blinding intensity to and fro through the air.

The cataract, hitherto voiceless, became blood red, and roared and foamed in deafening discord.

Mountains were split, and huge boulders of rock rolled into the glen with thundering crash.

The owls, bats, kites, and vultures once more soared round the heads of the tempter and the tempted.

The snakes, lizards, and reptiles again attempted to enter the dread circle; the ghostly heads and hideous faces once more mewed at and menaced them on all sides, and the skeleton hunt of its infernal rout again circled the weird hollow.

At the same time, as a further source of intimidation to deter Caspar from the completion of his task, the Female Spectre and the Witch of the Glen, in all their sickening horror, with outstretched arms, stood before him.

"Back—back!"

"Forbear—forbear!"

Sounded in hollow accents.

Almost mad with suspense and fear, Caspar waved the spectral phantoms away, and with trembling hands for the last time filled the mould, and as he dropped the bullet, gasped almost with a shriek,

"Seven! seven! seven! seven!"

"Whoop, whoop, whoop."

A vivid streak of lightning at the same instant struck the blasted tree with the shimmering bark, and hurled it across the magic circle, scattering the furnace, fire, and crucible in all directions.

The owl on the opposite tree, after the last hoot, dropped dead from its branch.

A rock was split asunder with a deafening crash, and Zamiel, with a malign smile on his hideous features, was revealed in the opening.

At sight of the fiend, Caspar fell senseless on the earth, and Wilhelm, in shuddering horror, hid his face in his hands, and sunk unconsciously on his knees.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COMPETITION—THE SEVENTH BALL, AND FATE OF THE VILLAIN.

"You must consider the prince's visit here to see you, Wilhelm, as a high honor, a mark of distinction not often shown by his highness to one of his jagers," Meinherr Kuno, the Grand Warden observed, as, about an hour before the time fixed for the grand shooting match, he and his intended son-in-law turned out of one of the forest glades, on their way to the village. "I have been Grand Warden since the death of my father, now nearly forty years, yet I never knew of such an instance of grace and condescension."

"I hope I have shown myself sensible of his highness's kindness to me," replied Wilhelm, gratefully.

"Aye, aye, quite so, lad; and I may say his highness is greatly taken with you, and quite charmed with your management of the rifle."

"Was the prince expected, sir?"

"Well, yes; he partly promised me to be here, and see my daughter's happy wooer, as he called you, Wilhelm, and be present to award the prize to the victor."

"You never mentioned the subject to any of us, sir."

"No, because he did not want the fact to be hinted abroad till the last moment. He would have been here sooner, but for the fearful storm that flood the roads last night."

"True, it was a terrific night," replied Wilhelm, with a shudder, as he thought of the adventure in the Wolf's Glen.

"I cannot recollect a more fearful storm of rain, wind, and thunder, in all my long experience. 'Twas just such a night as the old crones used to declare the Wild Hunter was abroad upon with his hellish rout. Are you ill, Wilhelm?"

"No, no—why?" stammered the young jager, attempting to hide his confusion by a hasty disclaimer.

"Because you turned so ghastly white at the mention of the Freischutz and his skeleton hunt."

"'Twas nothing, sir. But 'tis a fearful legend, that of a lost soul driving a hellish troop."

"It is, indeed. But, farewell, for the present, I must look after Bertha. Keep as much as you can with the prince, Wilhelm; he already has a high regard for you. Adieu!"

"Yes, fortune smiles on me, indeed, and in a manner I never could have hoped for," soliloquized Wilhelm, as the aged Kuno left him, and he leant thoughtfully on his rifle. "But how have I obtained it? Has success and good-fortune given me happiness? Alas, no! The horrors of last night will never fade from my mind, and I have but one bullet left of all those so fearfully obtained."

"Good-morrow, comrade. What, in a brown study, Wilhelm! Why, man, what right hast thou to be sad or thoughtful on such a day as this?" cried Caspar, as he turned into the open glade and laid his hand on his companion's shoulder.

"What, you here, Caspar?" exclaimed Wilhelm, starting at the unexpected voice.

Then, turning round, he added—

"By-the-way, well met. You were the very man I wanted to see."

"I am glad of that; it is always pleasant to know you are expected by your friends, and looked for with interest. Why?"

"You have some more of those charmed bullets, Caspar?"

"True, I have."

"Then, like a good fellow, give them to me, and bind me to you for ever."

"Well, upon my life, Wilhelm," replied Caspar, as, dropping his rifle on the ground, and leaning his elbow on the muzzle, he surveyed his comrade with a look of smiling incredulity, "you are about the coolest fellow at driving a bargain I ever had the good or bad fortune to meet with."

"How so?"

"How so! Why, comrade, look here—I am to instruct you in the mystery of casting these magic balls, and take the chief responsibility in their preparation, and then give you all the bullets. Why, confound it, man, where is your conscience? Give you all!"

"Not all, Caspar."

"True, we divided them *equally*, did we not? I gave you *four*, and kept *three* to myself; not a bad half for you, Wilhelm, was it? Come, confess."

"And yet I have only *one* left," added Wilhelm, sadly.

"Hang it, man, only one! What have you done with the other three?"

"You know Prince Ottocar is here?"

"Well, yes, I have heard all about his coming to see the shooting-match, and give away the bride. But what has this to do with your bullets?"

"Why, the prince wanted to see my skill, and induced me to fire three shots, which, of course, I did with great success, before all the villagers and their friends."

"Well, if you must needs show your loyalty to the prince so soon in the day as this, you might at least have done so with common balls."

"But, then, I might have failed."

"True; but you have still one left for the trial, and that ought to satisfy you."

"But only think what depends upon to-day. Should a second shot be necessary, and I only certain of one, oh! think, my friend, Bertha might be lost to me for ever."

"My friend, Wilhelm, you have no conscience; I have acted more than fairly in this matter—nay, liberally. I gave you four out of seven."

"But I only importune for *one* ball, Caspar—only one!"

"You speak to the rocks, Wilhelm. You had four, and if you choose to squander away three of them to curry favor with an old, besotted prince, why you have no right to ask your friends to get you out of your own scrape."

"Only one, Caspar! one will insure my happiness, and give me confidence."

"No, Wilhelm, no, you talk to the winds; I have given you all I mean to part with, and you shall have no more. Fair play, comrade, is a jewel."

"Wilhelm! Wilhelm! where are you?" shouted a voice from the forest.

"Here; I am here. Who wants me?" replied Wilhelm, answering the call.

Then turning to Caspar, he added,

"It is Killian; what can he want? Here, Killian, here."

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

The Windmill.

Ex-Governor Fairfield, of Michigan, relates the following beautiful incident of Prussian history:—

I remember—if you will pardon me for this word of illustration; I know a windmill is an ordinary thing, that there is nothing beautiful about it; but I remember seeing one that seemed beautiful. It had its history. Its history you will allow me to revert to. When Frederick the Great was Emperor of Prussia, he went out a little way from Berlin and built him a palace at Sans Souci. He and the Empress were seated one Sabbath afternoon in their beautiful grounds, and the Empress said: "I don't like that old windmill over there; I wish you would buy the grounds and tear it away, as it mars the beauty of our grounds, being right alongside, and so near them here." "I'll do it to-morrow," said he.

So on the morrow he went to the miller and told him he wished to buy his little homestead. "I don't wish to sell," said the miller. "But," said the Emperor, "I must have it. I wish to extend and beautify my grounds, and your windmill is an eyesore to the empress." "But," said he, "my grandfather is buried yonder, and my father is buried there, and this has been the home of my ancestors for generations; I want to live and die here, and I cannot sell it." The Emperor getting out of patience, said he would order his men to tear the mill down, and take possession of the grounds. Said the miller, "May it please your majesty, there are laws in Prussia, and I can sue you." "I don't care," said the Emperor, and went on and tore down the mill. The miller sued him, and the courts decided against his majesty, and declared that he should rebuild the mill, and pay, to the last farthing, all the miller had lost.

The Emperor bowed his head, went and rebuilt the mill, and paid all damages. After awhile Frederick the Great was in his grave, and the old miller was gone; and by-and-by another miller was there, and another Emperor was on the throne. The miller wrote to his reigning majesty, that so many years ago his grandfather had refused to sell his windmill and homestead to him, but, said he, "I am poor and need the money, and I will sell, and hope the price may be such as to please your majesty; I must have five thousand dollars." The Emperor with his own hand, wrote a reply. He wrote simply this: "You say you are poor. I am sorry for it. You are willing to sell your windmill for five thousand dollars. The windmill cannot be sold. It belongs to Prussian history. Inclosed find my check for five thousand dollars. Yours respectfully." And the name and the great seal of the Emperor was affixed.

I stood near the mill on a beautiful afternoon, such as this has been, and I wandered among the trees or listened to the singing of birds, and caught the fragrance from ten thousand beautiful flowers that filled the air with their perfumes; I thought the most beautiful thing of all I saw was that windmill, with its ungainly arms, and, as I watched it swing around those arms, the tears came unbidden to my eyes, for it seemed to me to swing those giant arms around for the defence of the humblest men—for the poor as well as the mightiest. And that is the glory of government everywhere.

MY BOY.

A lock of golden hair,
Tied with a silken thread;
A tiny shoelet lying there;
A snow-white curtained bed;

A little broken toy;
A book all soiled and torn;
A jaunty velvet cap my boy
Has often, often worn—

Alas, is all that's left!
(Such is the Father's will.)
His joyous laughter sounds no more;
His little heart is still.

Potography Simplified.

How often, in the course of a country walk, we meet with objects we long to have the power to record with the pencil,—picturesque combinations that may never occur again, which we would fain fix upon the paper for after consultation. It is true there are the photographic appliances, which place all men with equal technical skill upon a level; but we don't go out willingly for a stroll with bag and baggage—hamper ourselves with impediments that give us the appearance of being out upon a surveying expedition. Hitherto this has been the drawback to the exercise of a most beautiful art. But I am glad to find that the pencil of nature is now placed at our disposal in a manageable form. A camera is now invented for taking landscapes, not bigger than an opera-glass; a stand is improvised out of an ordinary walking-stick, and a supply of dry plates, prepared on the plan proposed by Major Russell, in which bromised collodion is used. Such plates develope, with an alkaline preparation, without the aid of silver. No blackened fingers, no laboratory of bottles are any longer needed, and the method of printing, while it is clean, enables enlarged proofs to be taken at home at leisure. The tourist may carry in his shooting-coat pocket and in his trusty staff all the means necessary for taking transcripts direct from nature, in her most interesting scenes. When we see what miles of foot-clogging clay a sportsman will cheerfully carry his fowling-piece over for the chance of a shot at a partridge, can we doubt that the artistic pedestrian will in future provide himself with his camera, with which, in a day's walk, he may fill his folio with recollections which will give him pleasure for a lifetime?

☞ Some one has calculated that the snuff annually consumed in France would make thirty columns as large as that in the Place Vendome, the smoking tobacco would make a solid cube as large as the Arch of Triumph, the chewing tobacco would fill 3,780 large casks, and the cigars, laid to end, would stretch round the globe twice at the equator.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV'R 7, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send either Grover & Baker's No. 23, or Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Machine, price $55. After Jan. 1, 1869, we will send only the Grover & Baker No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving.

Address
HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

Back Numbers.

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

We still have a good supply of back numbers of THE POST on hand, containing the early portions of "THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH," and "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON."

We printed a large extra edition, in order that all new subscribers might be accommodated with these splendid stories.

NEW STORIES.

In our present paper we begin a capital story by Mrs. Hosmer. The scene is laid in Philadelphia, on the old Ridge Road, and is called "THE WHITE GIRL OF THE RIDGE."

In our next paper we design commencing another story by the celebrated German authoress, Louise Muhlbach, called THE ELECTOR AND THE MONEY PRINCE. This is one of the romances of history—and treats of the wondrous rise of the wealthy house of Rothschild.

THE COMING YEAR.

We design making THE POST for the coming year superior to what it has ever been.

In the way of new Novelets we are able already to announce:—

"The Mystery of the Reefs."

BY MRS. HOSMER.

Cut Adrift; or, The Tide of Fate.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

A New Novelet.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

A New Novelet,

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "St. George and the Dragon."

With SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($3.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments to the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for next year.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of this column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE LECTURES.

We call the attention of our citizens to the Six Courses of Lectures announced by the Franklin Institute. These comprise Lectures on Light and on The Elements of Mechanics by Prof. Henry Morton; on Electricity and Heat by Prof. R. E. Rogers; on Pneumatic Chemistry by E. F. Moody; on the Chemistry of the Metallic Elements by Dr. S. B. Howell; and on Astronomy by Prof. P. E. Chase. The first course will commence on Tuesday, November 10. Tickets can be procured of Mr. Hamilton, the Actuary, at the Institute, in Seventh below Market street.

We may add that not only these Courses of Lectures, but the FRANKLIN INSTITUTE itself, should receive the liberal support of our citizens. It is of incalculable benefit to the community in very many ways.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A CONSTITUTIONAL VIEW OF THE LATE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES; ITS CAUSES, CHARACTER, CONDUCT AND RESULTS. By ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS. In two volumes. Published by The National Publishing Co., Philada., Pa. This is a very interesting and valuable work, as it presents a history of the late war from a Southern standpoint. It is written by perhaps the ablest statesman of the South, who protested to the last moment against the rebellion, and only entered its ranks when his native state had committed the great error, and further opposition seemed to him useless. From his position as second officer of the Confederacy, Mr. Stephens has had the best opportunities for observing all those interior matters which are hidden from the masses of the people, and his book presents one of the most moderate and impartial histories of the Great Civil War that has yet been written. This work will not be for sale at the book stores, but is sold only by subscription, and the publishers desire an Agent in every county.

NOTES, CRITICAL, EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL, ON THE BOOK OF PSALMS. By ALBERT BARNES, author of "Notes on the New Testament," "Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity," etc., etc. In three volumes. Vol. 1. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE MOONSTONE. A Novel. By WILKIE COLLINS, author of "Armadale," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc. With many Illustrations. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE TROTTING HORSE OF AMERICA. How to Train and Drive Him. With Reminiscences of the Trotting Turf. By HIRAM WOODRUFF. Edited by CHARLES J. FOSTER, of "Wilkes's Spirit of the Times." Published by J. B. Ford & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

OUR STANDARD BEARER; OR, THE LIFE OF GEN. ULYSSES S. GRANT. By OLIVER OPTIC. Illustrated by Thomas Nast. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THEATRICAL MANAGEMENT IN THE WEST AND SOUTH FOR THIRTY YEARS. Interspersed with Anecdotical Sketches: Autobiographically given by SOL. SMITH, Retired Actor. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

MISCHIEVOUS JOHN, BOASTING HECTOR AND FOOLISH ZOE. Three laughable little books for children, the illustrations from designs by L. FROLICH. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

MABEL'S MISTAKE. By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Fashion and Famine," "The Soldier's Orphans," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH, AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. November, 1868. Published by Miller, Wood & Co., New York.

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE. November, 1868. Published by Hurd & Houghton, New York.

The Eyebrows.

The eyebrows are a part of the face comparatively but little noticed, though in disclosing the real sentiments of the mind scarcely any other feature of the face can come in competition. In vain the most prudent female imposes silence on her tongue; in vain she tries to compose her face and her eyes; a single movement of the eyebrows instantly discloses what is passing in her soul. Placed upon a skin, and attached to muscles which move them in every direction, the eyebrows are obedient, in consequence of their extreme mobility, to the slightest internal impulses. There, majesty, pride, vanity, severity, kindness, the dull and gloomy passions, and the passions soft and gay are alternately depicted. "The eyebrows alone," said Lavater, the prince of physiognomists, "often give the positive expression of the character." "Part of the soul," says Pliny, the elder, "resides in the eyebrows, which move at the command of the will." Le Brun, in his treatise on the passions, says "that the eyebrows are the least equivocal interpreters of the emotions of the heart, and of the affections of the soul."

Singular Calculation.

A little time ago we were informed as to the exact amount of paving stones required to cover the streets of Paris. This time the able collector seems to have tumbled upon an old speech of Gen. Foy. The subject which formed its text was a proposal to give 1,000,000,000 francs, as a compensation, to the emigrants. The General exclaimed, "Do you not know that 1,000,000,000 minutes have not yet passed since the death of Christ?" Here it is that the *Siecle*, hitherto coy, bursts out into daring eloquence. We are told that the exactitude of General Foy was such that though he delivered his speech half a century ago, the 1,000,000,000 minutes have not yet expired. Indeed, next Christmas will only account for 982,368,000 minutes since the birth of our Lord. A year contains 525,000 minutes, and forty more years will be required to reach the round figure. It will not be till A. D. 1902 that the 1,000,000,000 minutes will have been completed.

☞ Women are mistaken when they suppose a small foot an element of beauty. A foot should bear a just proportion to the figure; if too large it argues coarseness, and gives a heaviness to the manner, forbidding ease and grace of movement. Dress has great effect upon the foot, and very long dresses are not adapted to exhibit it to advantage. A foot should be arched, fairly rounded, and its length proportioned to the height of the individual. It should have a delicate spring to it, and the ankle should be rounded and firm.

☞ CONTRARY TO PRECEDENT.—In Florida there is a negro Justice of the Peace who recently decided a case contrary to precedent, but with a justice as perfect and naive as that of Sancho Panza at Barataria. He ordered both plaintiff and defendant to pay a fine of one dollar each, and the constable to pay the costs of court.

☞ A gentleman at the Jerome Park races asked a jockey "How to cure a horse of slobbering?" And the answer was, "Teach him to spit."

☞ It is stated as a curious fact that the nations speaking our language own three-fourths of all the coal in the world—and coal is king.

☞ The French and Prussian armies are nearly equal in strength. France has 1,300,000 men organized and ready for service at short notice. Prussia has an army of 1,140,000 soldiers in the same state of efficiency.

Anecdotes of an Eminent Painter.

Horace Vernet, the eminent French artist, was returning from Versailles to Paris, when there happened to be in the same carriage with him two English spinster ladies, very prudish and prim, and of a certain age. Vernet's appearance was striking, and the ladies, after scanning him attentively whenever they thought he was looking the other way, began to communicate to one another their observations upon him in a rather loud whisper, thinking, apparently, that as they spoke in their own language they were at liberty to make what comments they pleased. The veteran painter was intensely amused, but was too much a man of the world to manifest the slightest consciousness of what was going on. It was not long before the train had to pass through a tunnel. Vernet, seizing the opportunity, leaned forward, so as to be within hearing of his neighbors, and applied a smacking salute to the back of his hand. On emerging from the temporary obscurity, his face had assumed a mischievous expression, which, as he intended, was soon interpreted by each lady to the prejudice of the other, each charging each with having received from the moustachioed stranger the mysterious kiss in the dark. Arrived at the terminus, as all were alighting, Vernet offered his hand to help his fellow-travellers out of the carriage, and then with a graceful bow, took leave of them, saying as he retired, to their dismay, in perfectly correct English, "Adieu, ladies; I suppose I shall never have the satisfaction of knowing to which of you I am indebted for the unexpected but valued favor I received in the tunnel."

Vernet was one day breakfasting at the *Cafe de Foy*, in the Palais Royal, when, drawing a bottle of champagne, the cork flew up to the ceiling, leaving behind it an unsightly blemish in the newly-decorated surface. Vernet looked at the damage, and ugly enough it was, in the midst of that pure white and gold firmament; then he looked at the face of mine host, and beheld in it a mixture of consternation and suppressed anger. "My good sir," said Vernet, "make yourself easy, to-morrow I will touch that offending spot with a wand which will make it the source of golden showers." The landlord opened his eyes, and he opened his ears; he was too politic to object to an arrangement which sounded so promising, though he did not exactly understand it. The morrow came, and with it, at an early hour, came Horace Vernet with his pallet and paint-brushes. He asked for a ladder, and in less than an hour the centre of the injured compartment was embellished with a swallow on the wing, destined to form the attraction and admiration of coming generations of customers. Contrary to the assertion of the proverb, that one swallow of Horace Vernet not only made a summer, but it created a perpetual summer in the financial atmosphere of the *Cafe de Foy*. The story got wind, and every one wanted to see Horace Vernet's birondelle; and in order to see it, and to say they had seen it, it was necessary to expend a certain sum in eatables. Never was caged bird so petted and cared for, and in all subsequent decorations of the premises the world-famed swallow was respected and preserved. Even now that the house has changed its destination—being no longer a *Cafe*—the swallow of Horace Vernet still soars above the heads of admiring connoisseurs, who come to visit it with increased enthusiasm now that its gifted author has passed away.

A wealthy Jewish banker was anxious to be put on canvas by Vernet. A picture of Vernet's, he reflected, was an investment as well as a joy forever. It might, some years hence, fetch a very high price, and was therefore worth securing even at a small sacrifice. Vernet, however, he knew, was not a man to make two prices, and his only chance was cleverly to cajole him into naming a low figure the first time. Vernet at once saw the game of his wily customer; he looked him in the face, and with one glance took him in from head to foot, estimated the length of his pocket, and at the same time the measure of his meanness; he then said, in a resolute tone:—

"M. le Baron, my price for a full length portrait of you would be ten thousand francs."

"Ten thousand francs! My dear Vernet, would you ruin me? I can't give that sum for a mere portrait."

Vernet shrugged his shoulders.

"That is just as you please; there is no necessity to put yourself to the expense, and, indeed, it seems to me a very foolish way of spending your money; but that is not my affair. I wish you good morning."

M. le Baron stood bewildered; he wanted the portrait, but he could not make up his mind to part with so great a sum; he went home a sadder but not perhaps a wiser man. He resolved to shake off all thought of this extravagant indulgence, but it would come back upon him, have it he must, and in less than a week he was again in the painter's studio.

"Well, M. Vernet," he began, "have you thought over the matter we were talking about the other day?"

"No, upon my word I haven't indeed," said the painter, without suspending his occupation; "I have been very busy, and as it was a settled matter when you left there was no object in thinking of it again. We have had a pleasant change in the weather, M. le Baron, since I saw you," added he, after a pause.

R—— could scarcely conceal his vexation, and felt more desirous than ever to possess the object of his longings.

"Now, M. Vernet, I am still open to arrange for that picture, and I came to-day to offer you five thousand francs for it; but, mind, not one centime more. When shall I give you the first sitting?"

"Oh, my dear sir, don't mention it again, pray. I had the honor to name to you my conditions; you must be good enough to regard them as final. Good-morning, M. R.," and he politely conducted his visitor to the door, pallet in hand.

"Confound the fellow's impudence," exclaimed the disappointed *millionnaire*, finding himself alone on the landing. "Why, hang him: he's as obstinate as a mule. I shan't manage him after all!" and he went away puzzled and mortified. Another and another haggling interview took place; but always with the same niggardly policy on the part of the banker, and the same cool indifference on that of the painter. A long interval of hesitation followed, when one day Baron R., having screwed himself up to the required pitch, and resolved to have his portrait, even at the startling sum demanded, again presented himself in the painting-room.

"M. Vernet!" he exclaimed, "you have gained your point; I give in—paint me at your own price!"

"Paint *you!*" exclaimed Vernet, with well feigned surprise; "what, again?"

"Again? what do you mean?"

"Why, I *have* painted your portrait, ever so long ago; all the time you were sitting huxtering there, I was taking your portrait, and as you are so poor, I will make you the compliment of it; you are painted without any charge."

"Generous man!" exclaimed the modern Shylock; "I accept; where is the magic canvas, that I may admire it?"

"You will find it in the *Prise de la Smala*, now at Versailles; it has just been removed from my studio into its place."

R—— hastened to Versailles, he rushed into the midst of the admiring crowd congregated before the latest production of the great painter; he searched the surface with palpitating heart; but imagine his dismay; in one corner of the grand picture he saw himself represented in the diabolical figure of a Jew running away with a casket! He hurried back to Paris, and after reproaching Vernet with the severity of his pleasantry, begged him, on any terms, to paint it out.

"I consent," said Vernet; "but on this condition. I asked you 10,000 francs to paint your portrait, and you could well afford to give it me; but you bargained with genius, though you expected and would have received its unlimited exertions; I now demand 20,000 to efface it, and if you refuse, it remains there as a reminiscence of this little joke." Vernet was inexorable; the Jew could never bring himself to draw so large a cheque, even to undraw such a picture, and he went out of the world, leaving behind him the equivocal memento.

AUTUMN.

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners, by great gales incessantly
fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the
land,
Blessing the farms through all thy vast
domain!
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging
eaves;
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers
attended;
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;
And, following thee, in thy ovation
splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the
golden leaves! —LONGFELLOW.

Amusements.

A story is told of one of the Roman Catholic saints that a man who found him playing chess one day said to him—"Father, what should you do if you knew you should die this afternoon?" The saint lifted his queen to make a move, and looked at his interlocutor calmly. "Do," said he, "why, I should finish this game of chess." It is an excellent comment on the absurd reasoning of those persons who are always arguing against amusement because there are higher objects in life than mere entertainment. Doubtless there are grander things than eating and drinking, but where is the moralist who is disposed habitually to go without his dinner? The man who tried to teach his horse to live on air succeeded excellently until he got him down to a straw a day, and then inconsiderately and inconsistently the horse died. Some people seem to think it a final argument when they say sententiously—"Do you think there will be any amusements in Heaven?" It strikes us that A. is just as much at liberty to suppose there *will* be amusements in Heaven as B. is to suppose there will not. Whatever of innocent pleasure is best suited to the denizens of that Celestial Country will without doubt await them, and there is no reason to suppose human nature beyond the grave will be altogether different from human nature this side of it.

Scene in Court.

The judge of one of the New Orleans municipal courts sat gloomy and grand on his bench of ermine. The prisoner occupied the dock, apparently meek and downcast. She had a merry twinkle in her eye, however, that promised mischief, and had the magnate but perceived it, he would have been more careful in his questions:—

"How many times are you coming up here?"

"What, yer honor?"

"How many times are you coming before me? This is the third time the present week."

"Oh, no, yer honor."

"Didn't I see you here yesterday?"

"Why, no, yer honor; it was last night yer seed me, in the concert saloon. It was a bit of drink we had together, and yer honor did talk beautifully, wid your cunning ways and saucy jokes. Aye, yer honor's the man for the gals: yees are smart."

"Stop your tongue—you can go."

"Thank ye, yer honor."

The prisoner went out—the judge blushed, and the audience roared.

Living in London.

There is no ill-nature in London life. From envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, so rife in a small neighborhood, we find ourselves delightfully free, and I enjoy liberty and independence unknown before, simply because people know too little of each other to interfere; but, on the other side, old friendships and neighborly interests are wanting too." No doubt there are warm friendships and intimacies in London as well as in the country, but few and far between. People associate more at arm's length, and give their hand more readily than their heart, and hug themselves within their own domestic circles. You know too little of people to be deeply interested either in them or their fortunes, so you expect nothing and are surprised at nothing. An acquaintance may depart London life, and even this life, or be sold up and disappear, without the same surprise or making the same gap as in a village circle.

☞ The Boston Post thinks the Queen of Madagascar has matrimonial designs against our amiable Secretary of State, because she has sent him presents of teapots and bed quilts. This is probably the reason Mr. Seward intends marrying again. He needs a protector from the "widders."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Great Earthquake.

OFFICIAL DISPATCHES.—Our Legation at Lima, Peru, have forwarded dispatches to Washington, giving additional particulars of the destruction by the late earthquakes in that country. We copy the material portions, as follows:

A large, and the most prolific part of the Republic of Ecuador is in ruins, caused by a similar shock at half past one o'clock on the morning of the 16th of the same month. This earthquake seems to have had its centre in the province of Imbabura, near the volcano of Ocampo, about sixty miles north of the city of Quito. Eight towns with the adjoining haciendas and populations are said to have been destroyed, numbering from forty to fifty-four thousand inhabitants. The cities of Otavalo and Cotacachi, containing respectively about twelve and eight thousand inhabitants, and situated on the shores of the lake Mojanda, are said to have been swallowed up with their entire populations, and their sites have become a part of the lake. The city of Ibarra, with a population of thirteen thousand is totally destroyed, only about three thousand of the inhabitants escaping, and the towns of Atuntaque is levelled with the earth, burying all its inhabitants in its ruins. Nor is the injury confined to the cities and towns, but all of the haciendas of the province, the richest in Ecuador, growing sugar and grain, and producing large numbers of cattle and sheep, have, as it were, been swept out of existence.

To heighten the gloom, despondency and misery of all, the terrific thunder storms of the tropics seem to have redoubled their forces, and have literally deluged the whole country. In Peru, also, proud and rebellious Arequipa is levelled with the dust, Arica swept from the seashore, with but one solitary house remaining, whilst the district and city of Moguegna, with its rich villages, vineyards and haciendas are but the wrecks of things that were. Had the earthquake in Peru taken place at night time, as it did at Ecuador, the loss of life would have exceeded one hundred thousand souls. As it was, that loss in Peru is less, but the loss of property far greater.

Want, hunger and famine in these unhappy countries are striding through all classes in the midst of the unburied dead, and a general paralyzation of thought and action, seems to pervade the land. This is no doubt caused by the continuous shocks since, and the great fear of other calamities, and to add to the consternation of the weak, fearful and helpless, robbers, in some localities, are said to be sacking and pillaging everything within their reach.

Mr. A. B. Hovey, our commissioner, who sends the despatch, refers to the generosity of our country toward other suffering communities, earnestly commends the afflicted people of Peru and Ecuador to the charity of the Christian people of the United States. Secretary Seward, in making public the dispatch, hopes "that it may excite not only the sympathy but the active charity of all the civilized nations."

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF PETRIFACTION.—About six years ago Mr. Amos Broughton died in Wayne county, in this state, (New York) and was buried there. After his death his widow and children moved to Buskirk's Bridge in this county, where they now reside. A few days ago the family of the deceased resolved to bring the remains of the father from Wayne county, and have them deposited in a cemetery near their present residence. In furtherance of this purpose the grave was opened and the coffin exposed, but all ordinary efforts to lift it from its position proved ineffectual. The coffin lid was therefore removed, when it was found that the body was in the most perfect state of petrifaction. It was covered with a dry mould, which, when removed, revealed a surface almost as white and pure as marble. The body showed not the least particle of decay. Every feature and lineament was perfectly preserved, and when stood upright it presented the appearance of a finely-chiseled statue. When Mr. Broughton died he weighed about two hundred pounds, while the remains had increased in weight by petrifaction to *eight hundred pounds*. Before the body was interred at Buskirk's it was seen by the family, friends and many others there. It is the most perfect and wonderful instance of petrifaction of human remains that has ever come to our knowledge.—*Troy Press.*

TRACES OF THE CHINESE REBELLION.—"Carleton" writes to the Boston Journal from China:

"Upon every hand, not only here in Nanking, but every mile along the river, are ruins. Residents here say that the destruction of life may be estimated at twenty-five millions. The struggle commenced in the southwest province of Yunan, on the borders of Burmah. It spread to Canton—it rolled down the valley of the Yang-te-ze to Shanghai, and down the Yellow river to Peking. Every one of the great cities of the interior fell into the hands of the rebels. They took possession of town and country. It was a struggle in which no quarter was shown by either party. Heads of prisoners were chopped off without compunction, that vengeance might overtake them in the future world. The rebels consumed all that came in their way. Desolation marked their progress. Disease and famine followed them. It was a struggle which lasted nearly twenty years. We look out from the deck of the steamer upon heaps of ruins which mark the site of towns once populous. Capt. Friend, of this steamer, saw the last victorious attack of the imperial troops upon the rebels at this city, the cutting off of heads on the shore, the sinking of thousands of rebels in the river as they attempted to escape. There was no mercy, no compassion, no humanity. The Imperial troops were animated by one desire only—to kill; and that had been the policy of the rebels. It was a terrible harvest which was reaped on these meadows during those years."

—A man who ran away from his wife in Indiana twenty-six years ago, has just returned. She had married again, but willingly rejoined her first husband. He had been to California, and brought back a fortune.

—A lady, in a crowd of children in France, being bitten by a mad dog, held on to the animal till he could be secured, and thus saved the lives of the others. For this bravery the Government has given her a gold medal, her life happily being spared.

—In England they fine $500 and dismiss from office any revenue officer who takes an active part in politics.

—In Connecticut, a boy of 20 has just married a widow of 50 who has seven children. The eldest is six years older than his new "papa."

—The question, "Shall we ever learn to fly?" according to the statement of a Russian journalist, is about to be solved. In a letter addressed to the Lemburg Slavo he mentions the invention of a machine for navigating the air. The motive power is steam, and the inventor estimates the attainable speed at eighty miles per hour. Patents have been granted him by several European governments.

—Governors Geary, of Pennsylvania, and Fenton, of New York, have designated November 26th as a day of Thanksgiving.

—The Sparrows at Reservoir Park, New York city, it is reported, have destroyed all the worms and troublesome insects at that place of resort. There are two hundred of these amusing little birds at Reservoir Park, and their friends complain that no arrangements have been made to shelter them during the coming winter. In the other parks, feeding platforms have been constructed, and over one thousand bird houses.

—A letter from a Chicago servant girl to her friends in Christiana, Norway, saying she was receiving three dollars a week wages and had "very nourishing food," in a small family, produced a stampede of servants for America, to the great inconvenience of the first families of Christiana, where twenty-five dollars a year are the usual wages for female service.

—A horse fever has broken out near Indianola, Iowa. The first symptom is stupor: the eyes grow dull, ears lop over, the horses stand with fore-feet projecting, the extremities grow cold, and they gradually sink away and die. The appetite remains good to the last. Nearly all the horses feeding on a section of prairie two miles square have died.

☞ The New York Evening Mail says bottles are no longer put on the table at fashionable dinner parties; the wines, with the exception of champagne, being served in glass pitchers of handsome workmanship.

☞ Mrs. E. Cady Stanton reports that, as a baby, Anna E. Dickinson "was cross, sleepless, restless, and crying continually with a loud voice." Some people think she has not quite got over it yet.

☞ The fast "girl of the *period*"—may she soon come to a full stop!

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been rather more doing: 1200 bbls City Mills extra and extra family sold for shipment at $8,25@11 ₱ bbl, about 900 bbls to the retailers and bakers at $6,25@7,25 for superfine; $7,50@8 for extra; $8@8,50 for Northwest extra family; $9@10,50 for Penna extra family; $10@10,75 for Ohio extra family, and $11@13 for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—400 bbls sold in lots at $5@6,50 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been very little demand for Wheat. About 25,000 bus sold at $2@2,05 for prime red; $1,75@1,90 for fair to good, and $2@2,10 for Western and Southern amber. 6000 bus of spring sold at $1,50, and small lots of white at $2,15@2,25 ₱ bus, according to quality. Rye—1000 bus of Penna and Western sold at $1,60@1,65 ₱ bus. Corn—About 35,000 bus sold at $1,22@1,25 for Western mixed, and $1,25@1,30 for yellow. Oats—About 40,000 bus sold at 70@74c for prime Penna and Western, and 65@66c for Southern.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Sales of Mess Pork at $20@20. Mess Beef sells at $22@24 for city packed. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 16@18c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 16½@17c, Shoulders at 12½@13½c. Green Meats—Sales of Pickled Hams at 16@17c; and Shoulders at 11½@12c. Lard—Sales of 600 bbls and tcs Western at 17½@18c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 25@32c, and prime Western and Pennsylvania at 35@45. Cheese—Sales of prime factory at 17½@18c. Eggs sell at 35@38c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market has been more active. About 1000 bales of Middlings sold at 25@26c for Uplands, and 26@27c for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales 70 hhds of No 1 Quercitron at $45 ₱ ton.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $2@6 ₱ bbl. Dried Fruit; sales of Apples at 5½@9c, Peaches at 14½@15c for halves, 10@10½c for quarters, and 18@20c ₱ lb for pared.

IRON—In Pig Metal there is rather more doing. Sales of No 1 Anthracite at $42@43, and No 2 at $38@40. Scotch Pig is quiet at $43 ₱ ton, and Forge at $25@25,50 ₱ ton. Manufactured Iron commands $55@87,50 for Bars.

SEEDS—In Clover seed there is rather more doing. 1000 bus sold at $7@7,75, according to quality. Timothy is dull at $2,87@3. Flaxseed is selling at $2,60@2,65.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The prices realized from 8@9 cts ₱ lb. 200 Cows brought from $40 to 65 ₱ head. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 4@6c ₱ lb. 4700 Hogs sold at from $11,50 to 12,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

Irritation of the Scalp.

WATERVILLE, ME., Sept. 15.

MESSRS. Joseph Burnett & Co.—Dear Sirs: I deem it but just to state to you some of the benefits I have derived from the use of your Cocoaine. Twelve years ago I had the typhus fever; after my recovery I found myself troubled with an irritation of the scalp, which had continued to annoy me very much, and to alleviate it I had failed to find a remedy.

Having seen your Cocoaine advertised, I purchased a bottle only for the purpose of a hair dressing; but, to my surprise, it has entirely removed the irritation of so long standing. Deriving so much benefit from its use, I have recommended it to several of my friends, who were afflicted in the same way, and it has wholly eradicated the disease.

JOSEPH HILL, JR.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Felons.—This painful endemic complaint is rapidly subjugated after a few trials of the above balsams; in no one instance have they failed to complete their cure.

The Bowen Microscope,

Magnifying 600 *times, mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass. jc27-tf

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Upham's Depilatory Powder

Removes superfluous hair from any part of the body in *five minutes*, without injury to the skin. Sent by mail for $1.25.

Upham's Asthma Cure

Relieves the most violent paroxysms in *five minutes*, and effects a speedy cure. Price $2 by mail.

The Japanese Hair Stain

Colors the whiskers and hair a beautiful *black* or *brown*. It consists of *only one preparation*. 75 cts. by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 115 South Seventh street, Philadelphia. Circulars sent free. Sold by all Druggists. oct17-13t

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MAGNETIC Healing Institute and Conservatory of Spiritual Science, No. 17 Great Jones street, New York. All diseases, including Cancer and Consumption, cured. Consultations on all subjects. oct3-3m

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B. T. BABBITT'S ARTICLES OF EVERY DAY USE.
Family and *Toilet Soaps*. The very best.
Soap Powder. The great labor-saving compound.
Concentrated Potash. The ready soapmaker.
Saleratus, warranted *pure* and *unadulterated*.
Super Carb. Soda and *Star Yeast Powder* of superior quality.
Lion Coffee, guaranteed pure, and in flavor unsurpassed.
For sale by Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia, and at the manufactory, Nos. 64, 66, 68, 67, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, and 216 and 44 West street, New York. B. T. BABBITT. Cheerful. 23-1y

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You may be Too Late.

Be warned in time. Diseases like Indigestion and Dyspepsia are not to be trifled with. There is such a thing as being *too late* in these matters. Inflammation, or Scirrhus Cancer, or some other dangerous disease may ensue, when all restoratives, no matter how potent, would be ineffectual. Do not delay then. When the symptoms of Dyspepsia are first experienced resort at once to the great restorative medicine, HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, and you will be safe.

But few disorders involve greater suffering, and, if not in itself immediately dangerous, it is the source of many deadly maladies. Even if it did not tend to greater evil, the mental and physical misery it produces is alone a sufficient reason why no pains should be spared to prevent or cure it. In no country on the face of the globe is it so completely domesticated as in our own, where it is found in nearly every household. HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS are universally conceded to be the sovereign remedy for this annoying disease, as they act directly upon the digestive organs, correct and tone the stomach, and give renewed vitality to the system. Acting delightfully upon the nerves and soothing the brain, renders them efficacious as a mental medicine, as well as a genial stomachic. If taken as a preventive, they will be found particularly well suited to the diseases arising from the unhealthy season of autumn, and their use will prevent the creeping, unpleasant sensation often complained of when the chills are stealing slowly upon the patient. nov7-4t

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Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar16-eow-tf

Fits! Fits! Fits! Fits

HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

Persons laboring under this distressing malady, will find the *Vegetable Epileptic Pills* to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing

EPILEPSY, OR FALLING FITS.

Is there a Cure for Epilepsy?

The Subjoined will Answer.

GRENADA, MISS., June 30—*Seth S. Hance*:—Dear Sir: You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills.

I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took agreeably to your directions. *He has never had a fit since.*

It was through my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life, or at least a good many years. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect have they failed to cure. Yours, &c. C. H. GUY,
Grenada, Yalabusha county, Miss.

Sent to any part of the country, by mail, free of postage, on receipt of a remittance. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.—Price, box, $3; 2, $5; 12, $27. CUT THIS OUT.

aug1-cow10t

HUNT'S COURT TOILET POWDER is supreior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

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Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.18. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

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HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT OF BUCHU.—It is with more than usual earnestness that we call the attention of our many readers and friends to the advertisement in another column, of this popular remedy. Earnest are we in so mentioning it as the concurrent testimony of our scientific physicians, both of Allopathy and Homœopathic practice, and of our able and excellent Druggists, that, as a curative agent for diseases of the kidneys and urinating organs, there is nothing to equal it.

It is known to all who have made medicine a study, that Buchu, in some form, has for ages past been used as a remedy for the above-mentioned diseases. —*N. Y. Evening Post.*

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th of Oct., by the Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., FREDERICK STOVELL to LOUISE, daughter of Chas. S. Lewis.

On the 20th of Oct., by the Rev. Abdw. Manship, Mr. HENRY DAVIS to Miss ELIZA MCMULLIN, both of this city.

On the 31st of Aug., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. WILLIAM STEDMAN to Miss JOSEPHINE GREEN, both of this city.

On the 23d of Oct., by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. GEORGE W. ALWARD to Miss ANNA L. MATLACK, both of this city.

On the 21st of Oct., by the Rev. William Cooper, D. D., Mr. THOMAS R. BUSBY to Miss MADALENE SELLCOCKS, both of this city.

On the 22d of Oct., by the Rev. John Kurtz, Mr WILLIAM E. BAUSMANN to Miss MARY HOFFMANN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th of Oct., JOHN MOYER, Sr., in his 62d year.

On the 26th of Oct., WILLIAM MOORE, aged 40 years.

On the 26th of Oct., SUSAN SUHARDS, aged 68 years.

On the 26th of Oct., DOROTHEA HENNINGS, in her 78th year.

On the 25th of Oct., JOHN H. MORTON, in his 74th year.

On the 25th of Oct., ANNA MARIA, wife of Wm. J. Gillingham, in her 49th year.

On the 25th of Oct., THOMAS O. GILBERT, in his 27th year.

On the 24th of Oct., Mr. JAMES H. POLLOCK, in his 25th year.

On the 24th of Oct., GEORGE JACOBS, in his 77th year.

OCTOBER.

The summer-rose is dead;
The sad leaves, withered,
Strew ankle-deep the pathways to our tread.
Dry grasses mat the plain,
And drifts of blossom slain;
And day and night the wind is like a pain.

No nightingale to sing
In green boughs, listening,
Through balmy twilight hushes of the spring.
No thrush, no oriole
In music to out-roll
The little golden raptures of his soul.

Oh royal summer-reign!
When will you come again,
Bringing the happy birds across the main?
Oh blossoms! when renew
Your pretty garbs, and woo
Your waiting, wild-bee lovers back to you?

For lo, my heart is numb;
For lo, my heart is dumb—
Is silent till the birds and blossoms come!
A flower, that lieth cold
Under the wintry mold,
Waiting the warm spring-breathing to unfold.

Oh swallow! all too slow
Over the waves you go,
Dipping your light wings in their sparkling flow.
Over the golden sea,
Oh swallow! flying free,
Fly swiftly with the summer back to me.

—*Overland Monthly.*

THE WHITE GIRL OF THE RIDGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

CHAPTER I.

TERRY O'CONNELL'S LUCK.

One evening in early June, a good many years ago, Terry O'Connell came home from his work and astonished his wife and family by making this announcement—

"It's in luck we are at last—and we may all faie aisy and joyful the rist ov our lives."

The party thus addressed, consisted of a fresh-looking little woman with a bright pair of brown eyes, a neat figure tidily dressed in homely stuff, and four healthy, happy, handsome children, the eldest, a boy of fifteen, with a sister a year younger—and the other two, a girl of seven, and a rosy, pretty, spoilt boy of two.

They occupied the lower floor of a poor sort of house in a little court running out of a cross street down town. Their apartments were a front and back room of ordinary size, and they also claimed the use of a garret above stairs. Owing to this additional convenience, the two rooms below boasted some attempt at elegance. The front one was undeniably a best room, and in right of that position boasted a fresh rag-carpet, half-length curtains of clean muslin, a bed with a gay chintz cover, and a settee with a green moreen cushion. But it was not in this state apartment that Mr. O'Connell had broken out to the surprise of his family. The other and less pretentious room was the one in common use, and being small, it was at present occupied principally by a table spread for supper, and the old-fashioned ten-plate stove at which that meal was prepared.

The young O'Connells raised a chorus of inquiries and exclamations—"Oh, daddy, is it something good?" "What are ye going to give us, daddy?" and "I'm so glad daddy's in luck, daddy's in luck!" amidst which the little mother raising her hand to command silence, asked in a tone of suppressed interest,

"And what kind ov luck is it, Terry, dear?"

Terry had thrown himself into the sturdy wooden arm-chair at the head of the table as he came in with his news; he now flung his old blue cap among the children, and begged his wife to give him "a bowl of tay an' something to put the hunger off him," while he narrated at length their good fortune.

The impatient interest of the party in the disclosure, was displayed by the haste they made to urge forward the recital. Tim, the eldest, dashed the cap consigned to him against the wall until it alighted on the peg where it belonged; Mary Ann, a girl of great personal promise, put milk and sugar into the bowl into which the mother poured the tea; and Kitty took "little Pether," the baby of the establishment, off the paternal boot, which he had just mounted for a ride, and hushed his protests with a spoonful of sugar, lest he should disturb the narration.

"Ye soe," began Terry, with his mouth full, and an effort at importance which the hot tea disturbed, "I've been in the employment ov Misther McEwing and Sloane, this four year; an' it's meself will testify, if nade be, that they're born gintilmen in their ways, an' no maneness whativer about them."

"Sure we know that!" cried Mrs. O'Connell, with impatient emphasis, "take another time to praise their characters, Terry."

"An' ye must know," proceeded Terry, slowly and determinedly adhering to his own plans of communication, "they've not shown thimsilves above noticin me. Ov coorse I always tried to do me duty by thim, but yer not always thanked for it, an' so I must give Misther McEwing and Sloane the cridit of spaking many a kind word till me that I had no right to look for."

His wife, who had stood leaning over the table to catch his words, here sat down resignedly and folded her arms in submission to herh usband's style. Seeing this, Terry was moved to concession and went on.

"It was yisterday afternoon that I noticed something was worrying the gintilmen—they wint back'ards and for'ards looking mightily distressed like, an' whin I carried anythin' into the countin'-room, I saw thim sarchin' about an' lookin' quare. The clarks looked at aich other widout spakin', an' we all filt mighty unaisy, for no one know'd what was the matter. This mornin' when Misther McEwing came down, he brought Miss Sarah wid him, an' they had a great talk wid Mr. Sloane. By-an'-by the lady calls out to me, an' says she, 'Terry, will ye step this way?' 'I will, ma'am,' says I, wid my best bow. 'It's a poor chance,' says she, 'but my brother is perplixed about a paper that has been lost. It used to be kept in the safe, but is now gone, no one knows where; you helped a man to clane up this place last summer, an' it's barely possibly this paper may have been bundled up with the rubbish he carried away.' 'It's not possible, Sarah,' says Mr. McEwing, shakin' his head, 'I sorted the things meself, an' I couldn't have overlooked it.' 'It's a chance,' says she, an' wint on repatin' the question if I had seen it. Now do you mind, Rosie, that John was going to tach Tim to write, an' I brought home all the loose bits of paper I could find for the copies. My heart laped intil me mouth when she spake, for I minded sorting out the clane bits after Dick, the nagur, had gathered thim intil a basket. I had rolled thim up an' put thim in an old box in the cellar an' left thim there, becase Tim got into the school at that time, an' didn't nade the copies. 'Kape aisy,' says I, 'an' tell me what the thing is like yer lookin' for.' 'It's long, wid red sales on it,' cries Miss Sarah. An' I flew off down the cellar, an' scrambled through the box till I got the very thing they wanted. Whin I give it to thim, they were so relaved they couldn't spake, so I tuck the idea that it was important."

Here Mr. O'Connell drew breath, and refreshed himself with tea, whilst his wife kept her wondering brown eyes fixed on his flushed face.

"Now comes the luck," cried he, with sudden excitement. Says Miss Sarah, 'Terry, you've saved us much trouble an' expinse.' Says Misther McEwing and Misther Sloan, 'Terry, we're beholden to ye, an' we won't forget it.' 'Ye're intirely welcome,' says I, wid me best bow, an' I come away—not to seem mane, or as if I was lookin' for a reward. But in the coorse of an hour, Miss Sarah comes to me an' gives me a clane folded paper. 'It's a deed, Terry,' says she, 'a deed of a homestead for yer family; it's a little way out ov town, but the walk will do ye no harm, an' the fresh air will be the life ov the children.'"

Here Mr. O'Connell paused and looked solemnly round on his wife and offspring—

"What do ye think ov that?" he asked, majestically, "do yo know yerselves as owners ov property, or do ye thenk yer draming, as I did when I heard it first?"

The children being inwardly disappointed at the prosy termination of their father's exultant joy, which they had hoped would develope toys or candy, were yet sufficiently alive to their parent's pleasure to say, "Oh, that'll be splendid, an' mammy can have a garden."

Tom and Mary Ann, in right of their advanced years, realized the position and looked grand.

Mrs. O'Connell burst forth in a mixture of joy and enthusiasm, "Its luck, indeed, Terry, dear," she said, earnest gratitude in her upturned eyes and the trembling of a realized hope in her tone. A tear or two stole out on her cheek and dropped on her husband's rough coat sleeve as she leaned over and laid her hand gently on his shoulder, "And it's more than luck, it's a blessing," she continued.

"It's luck," said her husband, decisively. "Ye may may call it what ye like, but it's jist luck, an' I'm thankful for it."

"There's John," cried his wife, starting up as the front door opened and a footstep crossed the passage. "Oh, John, dear, did iver ye hear such good news?" And she rushed into a hurried recounting of their good fortune.

The person she addressed was a handsome and very well grown lad of seventeen or thereabout, but from his height he might have been called twenty. He had a fine, expressive face, that was thoughtful without wanting in life or good humor, and a figure that was well-developed without being heavy or clumsy. He called O'Connell and his wife father and mother, but looked totally unlike either. He was better dressed, better mannered and better looking than the other boys of the family, but was entirely without assertion of this in either voice or action.

On hearing of the gift of Mr. McEwing, he equalled his mother in his delight, and inquired about its position with great interest.

"It was very like Miss Sarah, mother, to say it would be good for the children to have fresh air," he said, approvingly. "And I believe that the gift came from her suggestion entirely."

"Do ye mane that Misther McEwing and Sloane have no failings like gintlemen?" said his father sternly, and with a sense of importance in defending the firm. "Yer larnin's at fault there, John, for it was the hand writin' of Misther McEwing signed the paper. I tuck it to Billy Boyle to read for me, an' he tould me the same."

John respectfully withdrew all appearance of opposition, and his father rose from the table, saying—

"I've had my bite and my sup, and I'll go over the lingth of Jim Cronin's and tell him me luck. I'll be back before you'll be goin' to bed, Rosie."

After his departure, Mrs. O'Connell was employed busily for some time in serving her elder son with his supper, and explaining to the others what she scarcely understood herself, the changes involved by their new prospects.

"Johnny," said Tim, discontented with his mother's efforts, "won't you tell us if it's a nice place and all about it?"

"I don't know, Tim, or I would," answered John; "but I'll come home early tomorrow, for it's Saturday, and then I'll walk out there with you and Mary Ann if you will."

"Oh, that'll be nice," cried Mary Ann, skipping across the floor.

"And you'll take me, too, won't you, Johnny?" screamed Kitty, with a sense of coming wrong.

"You and me and Pether 'll go out by ourselves and take nobody, and who knows but we may buy a glass of spruce beer before we come back?" whispered her mother, insinuatingly.

"Hah, hah," cried the exultant Kitty, tossing her head at the rest, "and you ones won't have a drop."

By-and-by "little Pether," the rosy, dropped off from playing to sleeping, and was inducted into his night-gown and the bed in the front room. Then Kitty began to doze and fall over, to pick herself up again and be angry at offered assistance, till presently her mother and Mary Ann completed the arranging of a made-up bed in the corner of the "big room," as they called the chamber that accommodated so many, and then they both fell into it and asleep at the same time.

Tim fought valiantly with drowsiness, till conquered he withdrew in a walking doze and stumbled up-stairs, leaving John and his mother alone together. She was a busy and tidy worker, and so had made nothing of rinsing the tea things and setting the room in order. Now she had seated herself before a[illegible], and patching, which she attacked with a [illegible] vigor, and smiled as she brooded happily over the news. John had a slate and a book of algebra before him, but he had been occupying himself by drawing gables of houses and garden palings for some time past. Now he looked up and around him, and seeing the hour propitious to confidence, drew his chair close to his mother's and said, "Its a good thing, isn't it?"

"Indeed and indeed it is," responded she, heartily.

"Let us make the best of it, because it is so good, won't you?"

She looked up inquiringly and rested the hand she had just covered by a heelless stocking on the table.

"You mean the new house?" she suggested.

"Yes, mother, but please remember that father will ask Billy Doyle and Jim Cronin about going out there to live, and they are sure to tell him to sell it and invest the money, since he has the deed in his own hand. Don't let him, for the money will go, you know; but the property will grow better every day. What Miss Sarah said about the children is a great thing, too, for there's bad air in this little court for them every way, and you know how sorry you were when the Murphys moved here, for fear of them teaching Tim to swear."

"I know that," admitted Mrs. O'Connell thoughtfully, rubbing her chin up and down the stocking foot. "But you know, John, your father is the best judge, and we must give in to him," she added mildly.

John raised his eyes reproachfully. "Now, mother," he said, "you know father don't lead well. You know you came to America twelve years ago because he couldn't succeed in Ireland, and you know you had fifty pounds of your own to start on, which went as money always does go with him. And you know he tried twenty things for himself and failed in all, till you began a shop yourself and kept us from starving."

"It was easy enough to do," murmured the mother deprecatingly. "I had no trouble at all, while he, poor body, was driven from post to pillar, without a cent to pay him for it."

Her son steeled himself for argument.

"Easy or not, you did it, and he didn't," he said, "and for eight years we scrambled along, he failing and you succeeding in everything you began."

"But it was not for want of striving hard, John. You must not say that your father was to blame." She looked perplexed as she cast about for excuses, and finally admitted: "Some is born with a *push* in them, and it's them will force their way forrad in spite ov fortune, but your father will be always counting on luck to help him, and it mostly goes agin him."

"Mother," said John decidedly, "it's you that have the *push* in you, as you call it, and if you don't use it to thrust Billy Doyle and Jim Cronin's influence over, we'll never be a bit better for the McEwing's gift. Why," he continued, warmly, "it would be rank folly to let the beginning of fortune go, for the sake of buying and selling shares, and smoking and drinking while they talk it all over."

"True for ye," said his mother, a little dejectedly, "but it's a dreadful thing to go agin a man's will."

John rubbed his nose impatiently, and went on with increased warmth. "Was father in favor of your going to Miss Sarah McEwing over four years ago, when you heard she was trying to establish a school for poor children? Didn't he say it was black nonsense, when you labored late and early to get us clothes and books, till the good lady noticed your efforts and helped you? Didn't he call it foolery for you to go to the firm at Miss Sarah's suggestion, and watch and wait your chance till you got him into a good situation? You know he called it luck when he got it, but you know, too, who makes the luck for this house."

"John, dear, you have a way of running on when you begin, and you're none too sparing of blame to your father either. But this last bit of fortune is all his own—you can't deny it, and I'm glad of it."

"Is it?" said John, with significant doubt, "may be so, but Miss Sarah was your friend, and she was the giver, I'll bet anything."

"Here's your father," cried Mrs. O'Connell suddenly, and rose to set a chair and close the door behind him. John applied himself to his work with great energy, and Terry noticing it, said slightingly, and with a huskiness of voice only to be explained by repeated "drams."

"There ye are boring away, an' much good it'll do ye. Faith I'd rather see a lad ov yer age taking to innocent divarsion after yer work, nor sitting down wid the gravity ov a monk larning Latin."

"The boy's well enough," said his wife, "but ye don't tell us what Tim and Billy said to ye."

Terry O'Connell stretched out his legs and thrust his hands into his pockets with a sudden air of importance.

"I'm thinkin' ov selling out an' speckilating," said he, sententiously.

The boy raised his eyes for an instant to his mother's face—then dropped them to be absorbed in his book.

"Are ye, now?" said she cheerfully, "jist see the stupidity ov me, for I never tuck a thought that sech a thing could be done till I was tould."

"Small blame to ye," said Terry, patroniziugly, "ye have had but little to do wid such things—it's a man's business, ye understand."

"Ov coorse," she returned, "bekase a man gains the respict and attintion ov the world from being an owner ov a house; it's all they want to make thim gentlemen in this country. I've heard that whin any one's opinions is backed by property, it makes a great differ wid what they call society. No one knows better how to spake their mind nor yourself, Terry, an' it's glad I am that yer going to be a country gintleman, as I may say. Arrah, what am I talking about," she added quickly, and in a changed tone, "I'm forgitting that yer going to sell yer country sate."

"It's not gone yet," replied Terry, shifting in his chair. "I'm in no hurry to invist my manes." He looked about him with ridiculous importance, and added, "I can hear what Billy and Jim say, widout follying their advice, ye know."

"Faith can ye, Terry," asserted his wife approvingly. "Yer more likely to lade thim by the nose, nor to be led yersilf, an' small wonder since ye have the brains to do it."

"May be they think I'm goin' to waste me money in whiskey," said Terry, roused to anger at the thought; "if they do, they'll find thimsilves wrong, thin. Rosie," he observed incidentally, "we'll move out the morrow, bekase our quarter's up here, and whin Billy and Jim come in in the evening, I'll have the laugh on thim—ha, ha, ha."

John rose up and closed his book, with a suppressed sigh of relief. He stood still a moment after lighting his candle, as if he meant to say something.

His mother seemed to think enough had been said already, for she just touched him with her foot under the table, saying blythely,

"Now, be off to yer bed, Johnny, darlint, an' don't be draming over yer books any more. Ye never know nothing that's going on—so I must tell ye that daddy says we must go off to the new house to-morrow, no less. We'll need to be up early, and hard at work, for ye know whin he manes to do a thing, it's done, let who likes say no."

CHAPTER II.

ROSIE'S BANSHEE.

In what is now the extreme northwestern part of our city, a slightly hilly country spread away towards the river in those days, with straggling groves of poplars here and there, and rising grounds fledged with elder bushes. Standing on the greatest elevation the land afforded, you could not catch sight of more than a dozen houses, and these were scattered at various distances, with sometimes an orchard or long stretch of underwood between.

There were no new buildings nor signs of improvement, nor yet was anything in actual decay; it would seem that the impetus that had cultivated the place thus far had deserted it many years ago, leaving it in bare preservation without a hope of revival. A magnificent college now stands near the spot, where in the time I write of, a low-roofed, broad-fronted house, something in the style of an English manor, rose from a surrounding garden, rank and neglected, but still full of straggling verdure and untrained beauty. Behind this uncared-for enclosure an orchard ran down into a little hollow, at the bottom of which a tiny brook trickled over stones, and sweet blue violets hid themselves in the moist grass in spring-time. You could jump across this little stream at its broadest in one bound, and find yourself in a tidy range of garden-beds belonging to a comfortable cottage on the rise beyond. This cottage, with a pretty fence around its front plot of ground, and a gravelled walk leading to its broad, red door was the homestead of Terry O'Connell, and before it on the afternoon of their moving, stood Rose and her daughter Kitty lost in admiration of their new possession, and astonishment at the sudden change they had made.

"Oh, mother," cried Kitty, glancing around her with dancing eyes, "it's the real country, and you can roll over and over in the clover if you like. There's birds nests down there in the hollow, and Tim saw blackberries by the bushel he says over on that hill—but what Mary Ann and me likes best is that old deserted house beyant with a big garden full of roses and currants, and briars and all kinds of strange flowers."

"Where is that, dear?" asked her mother.

"Over there," indicated Kitty, pointing in the direction of the neglected manor, and further informing her mother that she meant to go there rummaging for bits of bright china and glass to play with. Tim had found some that afternoon, and Mary Ann and she could get more.

"You must come in now, both ov ye," said Rosie, taking in a comprehensive last look of the landscape with the pride of proprietorship. "I must see to getting supper for yer father and John; they're tired enough lifting and laying as they have been to-day."

Mary Ann, who had been digging with a bit of stick at the other side of the house, now threw it away and came obedient to her mother's summons, tucking up her sleeves for action.

The door opened into a hall that ran directly through the house, there were two ing shed at the back. Rosie had proven her rooms at either hand, and a kitchen or cook-title to her son's good opinion by giving the place a home-like air already, although the rooms being larger and more than they had been accustomed to, their furniture looked something shrunken in its new quarters.

She had laid a strip of new rag carpet through the centre of the hall, and confining the stove and cooking things to the outer kitchen, had fixed the room communicating with it as a sitting-room, putting the best of her things, such as the settee and chairs and a broad-leaved mahogany table there. Then she had banished the bed to another apartment, now bare of other furniture, but not without ambitious designs for its future adornment. But Rosie felt she could well afford to wait awhile, since she gained so much, and one of the chief delights of the establishment was a little room for Mary Ann and Kitty opening out of her own, for the embellishment of which Terry had gone so far as to bring a bedstead of real curled maple, and a little table of the same glossy wood.

"It seems a shame to make them so grand, and leave you and Tim with yer cots," she explained to John, "but the poor things have slept on the floor so long that it aises my heart to see them comfortable."

"Oh, Tim, and I do beautifully," cried John cheerily, "never bother your head about us, mother. I'm going to get some tools by-and-by and make a table and some shelves, and then we'll be fine, won't we, Tim?"

Tim, who had just come in from the shed, where he had been piling away some light wood that had been scattered about, and in collecting which together he had been much delayed by the assistance of little Peter, gave his hearty approval to his brother's proposition, and in his own behalf entered a petition for supper, being, as he protested, "jist starving."

"An' there's more like ye, Tim," said his father, coming in with a face glowing from soap and water. "Show me a towel, Rosie dear, and put on everything ye have in the house on the table, I'm that sharp set I'll finish it all mysilf."

"See that now," cried Rosie laughing, "it must be a healthy place entirely whin it gives yez all such appetites, I'll have to be buying a bigger porridge pot, or ye'll never have a full breakfast."

"I'm going to buy a cow, Rosie," said Terry, drawing up a chair to the table. "A cow and a dozen party chickens to lay eggs for ye. What do ye think ov that, little Pether?"

Little Pether thought so much of it that he went into spasms of rapture at the intelligence, kicking up his heels and hurraing for delight, while the little girls clapped their hands in chorus.

"I'll hunt for the eggs," cried Kitty.

"I'll drive the cow," said Tim.

"What's that?" almost shrieked their mother in a voice of terror, letting the loaf she held drop from her hand on the table, and pointing her hand in the direction of the window that stood partly open before her. She trembled violently, and was so pale that both her husband and her son John ran toward her.

She recovered herself in an instant and laughed.

"I'm going daft, it seems," she said, and resumed her bread-cutting with composure. "It was only the shadow of a branch, or maybe nothing but my own fancy that set me off. Sit down, Mary Ann, and don't be foolish. I'm not feared now; nothing's the matter, it was only a start, and it's all over. Kape yer seats, children, and take yer suppers, dears."

Notwithstanding this soothing and reassuring tone, it was very evident that Mrs. O'Connell had been alarmed, and that despite her efforts at self-control some traces still remained. Her husband, who was not given to much speculation, took her explanations as he had her fright, as a matter of course, and recommended a good bowl of tea to settle her "narves." The children resumed their anticipation of the promised cow and chickens and forgot all about it, only John eyed his mother questioningly, and looked now and again in the direction of the window, where nothing was to be seen or heard except the dark perspective of branches beyond, and the dull, quiet hum of insect life.

The supper over, at which it was noticeable Rosie scarcely broke her fast, Terry proposed to go to bed, being, as he acknowledged, "jist kilt wid work," and the children withdrew unusually early, impelled by anxiety to try their new rooms. "Little Pether" dropped over asleep in his chair, and John carried him to bed, while his mother cleared away the tea things. When he returned the sitting-room was very quiet, his mother moving about in arranging the furniture so silently that he could scarcely hear her step. She had closed the window opening into the garden and drawn the dimity curtain closely before it, but finding him observing her, she assumed a livelier manner and said, pleasantly: "Well, dear, there's a good day's work finished, and I'm glad ov it, for Miss Sarah McEwing will be out early in the week, I'm sure, and I wouldn't like her to find us slow."

"Mother, what frightened you to-night?" asked John, decidedly.

"Frightened me," repeated Rosie, smiling and apparently trying to avoid a direct answer. "Did you think I was frightened, John, dear? It was nothing but a start, darling."

"Well, mother," continued John, "whatever it was, I want to know what caused it."

"Is it worth while going over anything so silly?" asked Rosie, deprecatingly. "It was just nothing at all, or but little at the most."

Then seeing his calm, inquiring gaze fixed patiently but unbelievingly upon her, she went on—

"So I must tell you all about it, or you'll give me no rest, I see. Well, dear, all I ask ov yer is that it never gets to the young ones' ears, or they'll take no more comfort in the house; and as for Terry, he'd be sure it was a sign there was black luck in store for us."

"Then you did see something?" said John, drawing a long breath.

His mother rejoined quickly: "No, no, I don't say I did. It was more like to be a fancy, I'm sure. It's just folly to give it a thought, John."

"What did you see?" was her son's reply, who apparently neither received nor rejected this style of reasoning.

She gave a deep sigh and then answered: "The head and face of a banshee at the window yonder.

John followed the direction of her finger. But it disclosed nothing now but the closely drawn white curtain, so he brought his eyes back to her face.

"What is a banshee?" he asked.

"Don't you know?" she inquired, but added, "how could you, for, now that I think, I niver heard ov one ov thim appearing in this country before. A banshee is a spirit, that warns a body ov death or trouble, and it comes in the form ov a beautiful woman in white."

"Did you ever see one before, mother?"

"No, blessed be the saints," cried she, devoutly, "I never did."

"Then how can you be sure that this was one?"

"What else could it be?"

After these mutual questions they sat looking at each other thoughtfully for a moment or two, till John broke silence.

"Mother," he said, "I don't like anything I can't explain. What I cannot understand makes me uncomfortable. If any one but you had said they had seen a spirit, I should have laughed—but you don't make mistakes like other people. I wish you hadn't looked that way," he added, and rumpled his hair all over his head in his perturbation.

"It must have been fancy," said Rosie, persuasively. "Ye see I'm tired, and whin people are tired they're aisily overcome by fancy or anything else. Depind upon it, Johnny, dear, it was jist a notion, and let us say our prayers and go to bed."

"Not till you tell me what it was like; then I will, and I promise to speak no more about it."

Rosie looked cautiously around her, and then said almost in a whisper, "It was a purty face, but wild and timid like about the eyes, with plinty of long, fair curls, or loose bands ov hair, falling about it, and whiter and colder looking nor any face I iver saw, excipt a corpse's."

John rose and stood silently, thinking a moment or two.

"You'll kape what I tell to yersilf, dear," said his mother, "it would take the heart out ov the childer wid fear to know it."

He nodded, and turned to go, saying slowly, and partly to himself, "If it's ever to be seen again, I trust in heaven that I shall see it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The other evening as some of the Caledonians—fresh from the Scotch games—were passing up Wisconsin street, Milwaukie, in their Scotch costumes, kilts and tartans, but *sans culottes*, a Teuton who had perhaps been partaking too freely of lager, observed them intently for a few seconds, when he suddenly exclaimed: Mein Gott, all de tobacco signs ish proke loose!"

☞ A lady advertises for sale, one baboon, three tabby cats and a parrot. She states that, being now married, she has no further use for them, because their amiable qualities are all combined in her husband.

☞ Fashionable young lady, detaching her hair before retiring—"What dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil!"

☞ When is a candle likely to be enraged? You say when it is *put out*. I should say rather when *it's lighted*.

COUNTESS NELL.

She flung away, like worthless dross, the garments of her pride,
And donned a peasant's russet gown, to be a peasant's bride;
No one of all her lofty line had ever looked so fair,
Braiding with simple ribbons up the beauty of her hair.

The diamond circlet from her brows, the jewels from her breast,
The plumes and velvet of her rank, she left them with the rest;
And to the sister that she loved, "Thou mayst be braver, May,
But none more happy, dear, than I, upon my wedding day.

"Sweetest, farewell! go kneel for me before St. Mary's grace,
For if my uncle ban my name, there must be one to bless;
And tell him, great as is my love, so greater is my pain,
For all the world is won and lost, if we shall meet again.

"Open the gates!" she said, and knelt and kissed the threshold stone,
Then turned, with eyes that would not weep, and went her way alone.
At morn, within the chapel gray, the priest received her vows,
And all day long she gayly wrought in Hubert's little house.

"If it had been a peasant maid that my dear lord had wed,
She would have labored like a bee beneath his roof," she said.
"And shall his kindred say of this, that it was not as well,
When for the love she bore to him, he married Countess Nell?

"I'll learn to spin the shining flax, to milk the spotted kine,
To keep my cottage hearthstone bright, and train my bowery vine;
I'll learn to dress our simple food, to bake our wheaten bread,
And be a peasant's wife, indeed," the high-born lady said.

So she laid down the silver lute, to hear the distaff hum,
Or only ceased her happy song to watch her husband come;
And if the unaccustomed task put her weak hands to pain,
She said, "he kissed this little hand," and labored on again.

Ah! how we women yield to such our soul and being up,
A pearl of countless cost dissolved to fill their brimming cup.
We, at their bidding, hide our cares and put away our fears;
We learn to smile for them, and keep for lonely hours our tears.

Our love, that sprung in joy, in grief clings with a closer hold,
And if our idols be but clay, we strive to find them gold.
Oh! who shall tell in what strange ways affection's course may run,
Since noble Countess Nell so loved a humble peasant's son?

THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON THE ROAD.

The brilliant gleams of dawn were already coloring the crests of the distant mountains; the warm beams of the rising sun, issuing from a mass of golden and purple clouds, dissipated the fog; the vapor rose like a curtain and revealed in all its majestic grandeur the splendid landscape of which the Hacienda del Rario formed the centre. On the right extended the verdant valley through which the Rio Grande del Norte forced its capricious windings. On the left, in the midst of a profusion of clumps of trees, rocks and hills, girt with a garland of verdure, extended a great lake, whose surface, slightly ruffled by the pure and refreshing morning breeze, sparkled in the sunbeams. Lofty mountains, scarped rocks, and banks, on which grew sumachs, mahoganies, and cork trees, framed in this magnificent sheet of water, and the harmonious rustling of the dew-laden leaves seemed to impart a sort of life to this calm scenery which the hand of man had not yet deformed, and which rose radiant beneath the powerful breath of the Creator.

The coming dawn had scarce begun to disperse the gloom ere all was in motion at the hacienda. The peons fetched the animals from the corrals while the cavaliers led their horses to the watering place, or went in search of dry wood to rekindle the bivouac fires and prepare the morning repast. Don Annibal's numerous visitors gave their followers orders to load the mules and saddle the horses, so as to be ready to start at the first signal.

The Count de Melgoza quitted the apartment in which he had passed the night, and accompanied by the hacendero, who insisted on seeing him off, he proceeded to the first patio, where his people were already waiting, as was the Canadian adventurer, who, at the first beam of day, left without much regret the hard bed on which he had slumbered for only two or three hours.

"What!" Don Annibal said with surprise, on seeing the count's small escort, "did you venture to come here so weakly escorted in this time of trouble and disorder?"

"Why not?" the count said, carelessly; "the six men you see are devoted to me; they are old soldiers, accustomed to fire. Moreover, what have I to fear?" he added with an ironical smile. "Are we not at peace?"

"Yes, for the present at any rate; but the long wars we have had to endure have, as you know, ruined and reduced many people to desperation; the country is infested with marauders, and this frontier especially, exposed to the continual incursions of the Indians, is anything but safe. I repeat, Senor Conde, that you committed a serious act of imprudence in bringing so few people with you, and, with your permission, I will give you an escort to protect you from all danger."

"Do nothing of the sort, my friend," the count answered, quickly; "although I sincerely thank you for the solicitude you display, I am convinced that your fears are exaggerated."

"Still—" the hacendero continued.

"WOE, WOE! THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH!"

"Not a word more on the subject, I beg; you would seriously annoy me by pressing it further. Moreover," he said with a laugh, as he pointed to the Canadian, "my escort is augmented by an ally who, in case of need, I am persuaded, would not hesitate to come to my help. So, say no more about it, and good-bye. Excuse my leaving you so suddenly, but we have a long ride before us along roads which, you know as well as I do, are very bad, and it is time for me to start."

"Since you insist, count, I can only wish you a prosperous journey, and take my leave of you."

"Good-bye, my friend," he said, as he affectionately pressed Don Annibal's hand. "I trust that we shall soon meet again, under circumstances more agreeable to you and me."

"Whatever may happen, or whatever fate destiny reserves for us, be assured that nothing can alter the friendship I feel for you."

"I know it, and thank you," the count said, as he got into the saddle. "Are you ready to accompany me, senor?" he asked the Canadian.

"I have been waiting some time for you, senor," the latter answered, in his usual rough way.

The count examined him for a moment, smiled slightly, shrugged his shoulders, but made no remark. After exchanging a few more affectionate remarks with the hacendero, he slightly raised his hat, gave the order to depart, and the little band left the hacienda at a sharp trot. The horsemen, splendidly armed, and rifle on thigh, traversed in good order the camp formed outside the hacienda, without replying to the sarcasms or jests of the Mexicans, who collected as they passed, and showered on them witticisms, which were at times offensive. The count rode gravely at the head of the little party, looking neither to the right nor left, apparently indifferent to the coarse jokes levelled upon him.

About a horse's length behind him, the Canadian, whose indifference was not at all feigned, for all he heard concerned him very slightly, was reflecting on the way in which he should perform the singular commission so strangely entrusted to him, and though he was as yet only at the outset of the expedition, he was already beginning to feel a lively desire to be freed from the company in which he found himself, and for which he felt no sympathy.

The other travellers, six in number, were, as the count had said to Don Annibal, old soldiers, regardless of danger, entirely devoted to their master, and who, at a sign from him, would let themselves be bravely killed, without taking the trouble to discover the motive for the order given them. However, all these men, their master included, seemed to possess a considerable amount of gravity and pride, which did not conduce to confidence, and prevented any familiarity. The adventurer had judged his companions at the first glance, and bravely put up with the annoyance which they would cause him during the journey; hence he resolved to imitate them, and be equally reserved.

After traversing the camp, the small party turned to the left, and proceeded to the lake, whose umbrageous banks they intended to follow for several miles. As we have stated, the morning was magnificent, all nature was laughing, a multitude of birds of every description and color, hidden beneath the foliage, were singing merrily; squirrels leapt from branch to branch, and splendid elks, terrified by the approach of the travellers, bounded away a few yards from them, while hideous alligators wallowed in the mud pell-mell with enormous frogs which uttered frightful croaks.

Our travellers rode thus for some two hours, and not a word had been spoken since the start, each seeming to be buried in thought, when suddenly a great movement was heard beneath the trees and shrubs around them. The birds suddenly became silent, and, leaving their nests, went to the foot of the trees, where they timidly concealed themselves in the grass, while the frogs croaking on the nymphæas dashed into the water. At the same moment the shadow of two mighty wings was visible on the sand; the Canadian mechanically raised his eyes, and he perceived a white-headed eagle soaring in the blue sky.

The eagle, after hovering in wide circles for some minutes almost over the head of the travellers, dropped with lightning speed into a copse, whence it emerged almost immediately, holding in its powerful claws a luckless parrot, which uttered pitiable cries of distress, and struggled vainly to escape from the deadly grasp of its implacable foe. The eagle rose with extraordinary rapidity, and soon attained an enormous elevation. The Canadian had anxiously followed the incidents of this drama, and perhaps instinctively cocked his rifle.

"All the worse," he muttered, at the moment when the eagle, which only appeared like a black dot in the air, was about to become invisible. "I will save it."

With a movement swift as thought he raised his rifle and pulled the trigger. The Spaniards halted, and looked in amazement at the adventurer; but the latter, whose eyes were obstinately fixed on the sky, did not seem to notice the attention of which he was the object. The eagle, suddenly arrested in its flight, fell with headlong speed, turning in space. Suddenly its claws relaxed, and the delivered victim, half wild with terror, though unwounded, fell perpendicularly for some seconds with its enemy; but, suddenly opening its wings, the poor parrot soared, and then resumed its flight with a long cry of delight, while the eagle writhed in its death throe at the hunter's feet. The Canadian's bullet had passed right through its body.

"Ah!" the woodranger said, gladly; "though a powder-charge is precious in the desert, I do not repent this one."

The Spaniards could not restrain a cry of admiration at this miraculous display of skill. The Canadian dismounted, and seizing his rifle by the barrel, advanced upon the eagle, which, with body thrown back and wings extended, looked undauntedly at him. With one blow of the butt, dealt with no ordinary strength, the adventurer settled the bird, which did not make the slightest effort to avoid the blow.

"Will you sell me that bird?" the count said, at the moment when the hunter stooped to pick up the royal bird.

"I will give it you if you like to accept it," the Canadian replied.

"Very good," the count said, making one of his men a sign to pick the bird up and place it on his horse.

The Canadian remounted, and they continued their silent march. At the end of an hour they reached the spot where the count proposed to stop and breakfast, and allow the great heat to pass before he started again. It was a rather large clearing, in the midst of which glistened a pool of water so clear and limpid that the sky was reflected in it, with all its lights and shadows. This pool discharged its overflow into the lake by means of a shallow stream, which ran murmuring over a bed of pebbles, half hidden by the numerous tufts of nymphæas which bordered it. Singular to say, not a bird, not an insect, peopled this solitude.

When the count had given orders to halt, all dismounted. The two men stationed themselves as sentries at either end of the path which ran through the clearing; two others took the horses by the bridle, and led them to drink from the lake, which was only one hundred yards distant; while the last two lit the fire and got breakfast ready, employing the water they carried in their leathern bottles to boil the *frijoles*, as they would sooner reduce their stock than take water from this pool—which, however, was so inviting, especially for men wearied by a long ride in the burning beams of a tropical sun, and whose throats were parched by thirst.

The fact was that this pond, apparently so inoffensive and pure, contained death in its waters—a frightful, inexorable, almost instantaneous death. In a word, this water, though no one was able to explain the cause, contained a violent poison, whose effects were so terrible, that the very animals, whose admirable instinct never deceives them, did not dare drink it, but shunned its vicinity as if it were impregnated with the poison it contained. This was the cause of the utter solitude which reigned in this clearing, which travellers, however, brought to these parts by accident, sought for its delicious coolness, and the security they enjoyed against the attacks of wild beasts.

The adventurer, after carefully rubbing his horse down, bobbling it, and giving it its ration of maize on his sarape, lay down on the grass, and fumbling in his *alforjas*, produced a ship-biscuit and a piece of goat's-milk cheese, which he was preparing to eat with good appetite, when the count, who had curiously watched the arrangements of this frugal meal, walked up and bowed courteously to him.

"Caballero," he said, "will you do me the honor of sharing my breakfast?"

The Canadian raised his head, and looked at the speaker in surprise.

"Why do you make me this offer, senor?" he asked.

"Because," the count answered frankly, "I wish to break the ice, and remove the coolness prevailing between us. What I have seen you do to-day," he added, pointing to the eagle's body, "proves to me that you are a man of heart. People of your stamp are rare, and I wish to have your esteem, if not your friendship."

"What I did to save a wretched bird, caballero, I would not hesitate, under any circumstances, to do for a man; but permit me to remark that I see nothing in it but what is perfectly natural."

"Perhaps so; but, unhappily, few men comprehend their duties in the same way."

"I pity them, caballero, though I dare not blame them, for each man acts according to the instincts which God has implanted in his heart."

"Do you accept the modest breakfast which I have had the honor of offering you?"

"Although I am naturally very sober, and usually content myself with the smallest thing, I should think I was offering you an insult by declining, senor. Hence I gratefully accept your invitation."

The two men sat down side by side, and a peon placed before them a few dishes, which, though far from delicate, were of a quality superior to the Canadian's repast. The count felt, perhaps unconsciously, an interest in the Canadian, the cause of which he could not have explained, and was attracted by this blunt but frank man, with his short but always honest remarks. He divined beneath this rough husk a good nature and a strong heart, which aroused his sympathy and were a relief after the roguery and cowardly adulation of the men with whom he usually came in contact. While eating (the adventurer heartily, and the count scarce touching what was served up,) they talked without the slightest restraint. Oliver related, without any boasting or pride, the incidents of his life as a woodranger, his hunts and fights with the Indians, his adventurous excursions at the head of his bold comrades, who had unanimously elected him their chief, and the incessant joys and sorrows of this varied existence. The count listened with ever increasing interest. When the adventurer came to his enrolment among the Mexican insurgents, his hearer interrupted him—

"This time," he said, "I think you have not acted consistently with your principles."

"How so?" Oliver asked, in surprise.

"Why," the count continued, "it appears to me that you let yourself be led away by the pride of rank and hope of gain."

"You are mistaken, senor, nothing would have induced me to join the Mexicans if I had not been convinced in my heart that their cause was a good one. This reason alone decided me, and besides," he added in a low voice, as he took a sly glance at the other, "I had a personal motive."

The count shook his head dubiously, but made no answer, and the conversation stopped at this point. Four hours later, the Spaniards started again in the hope of reaching their journey's end at eight in the evening. But the count and the adventurer now rode side by side conversing amicably together.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN ALARM.

The journey, begun under rather gloomy auspices, was continued more gayly, in spite of the pride and taciturnity of the Spanish soldiers. The latter, who took a pride in behaving exactly like their master, on seeing the count talking in a friendly way with the adventurer, broke, in their turn, the silence to which they had obstinately condemned themselves since the morning, and interchanged a few remarks, though extremely careful not to raise their voices above an indistinct murmur.

Several hours passed, and nothing interrupted the monotony of the journey. The Spaniards had left the banks of the lake and entered a country whose gloomy and desolate appearance was rendered even more sad by the approach of night. There were no lofty trees, no smiling savannahs. On all sides rose overthrown rocks, piled in a disorderly manner on each other, some covered with a velvety moss, others scarce allowing their black hue to be guessed beneath a cloak of brambles and cherfoil. In some spots, the water forced its way through crevices in the rock, and rolled through green strata, glistening with mica. A nameless stream with difficulty found a passage through the midst of this chaos, and occupied two-thirds of the canon which the travellers were constrained to follow; at rare intervals, stunted trees were visible: still, as nature ever has her harmony, the breeze ever and anon entered the canon. Then, as if by enchantment, the mysterious dialogues between the leaves and the wind, the nymphæas and the water, filled this desolate solitude with ineffable choruses.

The travellers yielded involuntarily to the depressing influences of the scenery they passed through, the conversation suddenly ceased, and each rode with his hand on his weapon, looking anxiously around and ready to fire at the slightest suspicious movement in the chapparal. The Sumach halted, and thoughtfully examined the gloomy landscape spread out in front of him.

"What is the matter?" the count asked him; "what are you thinking about at this moment, caballero?"

"I am thinking, senor," the adventurer said, seriously, "that Don Annibal spoke most sensibly to you this morning, and that you acted very wrong in neglecting his advice and refusing his offer."

"Oh, oh," the count replied with a forced smile; "this country has not a very encouraging look, I allow, still I dare not believe that you are afraid."

The adventurer looked at him.

"And even if I were afraid," he said a moment later, "do you think I should do my duty worse on that account, in a case of need? Fear is nothing but the instinct of self-preservation, a nervous movement independent of our will, which causes us to forebode danger, and thus helps us to conquer it by suggesting the means of avoiding it. Fear is nothing dishonoring; every man has been afraid several times in his life, and he who denies it is a brute. I never see a gun-barrel pointed at my chest without feeling a sensation of internal cold which is simply fear."

"The man who speaks so frankly of a feeling which everybody tries to hide must be brave," said the count; "but let us break off this discussion for the present, which we will resume at a more favorable moment, and pray explain your ideas to me."

"It will not take long, senor; my opinion is that no spot could be better chosen than this for an ambuscade."

"Which means?"

"That, if we are to be attacked, it will be inevitably here."

"The spot, it is true, has a bad reputation; but it is long since any attack of the sort has been heard of in the country, and nothing leads to the supposition that we have one to apprehend."

The Canadian shook his head with a preoccupied air which alarmed the count.

"Come," he said, "my friend, speak clearly; I am a man. Have we, yes or no, anything to fear?"

"Yes," Oliver replied, bluntly.

"Do you think so?"

"No; I am sure of it."

"Still, up to the present, we have perceived nothing."

"You, doubtless," the adventurer interrupted, "whose senses have been blunted by a long residence in towns, have perceived nothing; but I accustomed to desert life, have during the last ten minutes picked up proofs which do not permit me the least doubt on this head. I repeat that we shall be attacked within an hour perhaps, but assuredly at sunset."

"Tell me what signs you have discovered."

"What good will that do, senor? It is better to profit by the time left us to prepare to resist the attack that threatens us."

"I wish to have the proof, not because I doubt your words or your sagacity, but because there is in all this something extraordinary which I wish to unravel."

"Be satisfied, then," the hunter said; "stoop down."

The adventurer removed a few leaves, and displayed a footstep perfectly imprinted on the damp ground.

"What is this?" the count said, with a surprise mingled with terror.

"It is the mark of a war mocassin," the hunter answered calmly. "Now, remain here without stirring, while I follow the track; within half an hour we shall know who the enemies are who are upon our trail, and their number."

Without awaiting the count's answer, the adventurer dismounted, slipped into the bushes, and disappeared, ere the other had entirely recovered from the amazement the discovery of this Indian sign caused him. As always happens under such circumstances, in the hour of danger, the Canadian adventurer, owing to his thorough acquaintance with Indian habits, instantaneously became the most important man of the party. The count and the soldiers composing his escort, though very brave in the presence of civilized enemies, had an instinctive terror of savages, which, in the probable event of a struggle, would inevitably entail their ruin, had they not had with them a man in whose experience and fidelity they placed entire confidence.

This confidence the adventurer, whom that same morning they had regarded not only as a stranger, but almost as an enemy, had managed to obtain in a few hours; as for his experience, he had just furnished a proof, which removed any doubt. Hence the Spaniards were resolved to follow his advice, and obey without discussion the orders he thought proper to give them, as they were persuaded that their safety would depend solely on their docility, and the rapidity of their movements. The Canadian's absence was no longer than he had stated: he suddenly reappeared among the travellers before they had seen or heard him coming.

"Well," the count asked him eagerly, "what news? were you mistaken?"

The adventurer burst into a mocking laugh.

"I mistaken! hang me if that is possible," he said.

"Then we are pursued by Indians?"

"Pursued and preceded; we are literally between two fires."

The Spaniards felt a shudder run over them on hearing this.

"Are they numerous?" the count continued.

"No, there are only a few warriors; the weakness of our party is known, and a large display of strength was considered useless."

"In that case, then, you think we have a chance?"

"Men have one always, when they do not give in," the Canadian replied sententiously.

"How many are there, at a guess?"

"I will give you their exact number, for I have counted them to the last man. The first detachment, the one ambushed behind us, has only twelve men."

"What," the count exclaimed, "do you not consider that large odds?"

"Hang it," the Canadian said simply, "you do not reflect that we are seven white men."

The count shook his head, feeling but little convinced by such reasoning.

"Go on," he said; "and the second detachment, the one ahead of us?"

"That is more numerous: it is composed of nineteen warriors, among whom I recognized several picked braves, from the wolf tails they wore on their heels."

"Carramba!" the count exclaimed with ill-disguised terror, "thirty-one warriors in all, and yet you do not consider them too many for seven men!"

"I do not know whether thirty warriors are too many for seven men," the Canadian answered dryly; "all I can say is, that my friend Moonshine and myself have frequently fought a larger number of Red Skins in positions worse than our present one. Ah! if Moonshine were here, I promise you I should need nobody's help to free us from this vermin."

The Canadian's language produced an amazing effect on the minds of the Spaniards.

"Listen to me," he continued; "make haste and form some resolution; time presses, I warn you, and flight is impossible. As for me, do not trouble yourselves, for I can always manage to get out of a scrape. You have the choice of two things, defend yourselves bravely or surrender without a blow: in the former case, you have a chance of escape, or, at the most, of being killed; in the second, you will be inevitably attached to the war stake, and you know

with what diabolical art the Red Skins torture white men who fall into their hands."

"Our choice is not doubtful," the count answered boldly; "we will defend ourselves."

"Good," said the Canadian, "that is speaking like a man."

"The only thing is, we do not know what we ought to do in order to sell our lives as dearly as possible."

The Canadian appeared to reflect.

"Well," he said, a moment later, "I must not conceal anything from you, your salvation depends, not only on your resolution, but also on the skill with which you fight your enemies. The Red Skins are cunning, and it is by cunning alone that you will be able to conquer them. Now, although your situation is critical, I do not consider it desperate; but there must be no hesitation or false steps, which would prove your ruin."

"We, and I the first, place ourselves under your orders, senor," said the count; "from this moment you are our chief, and whatever you command, we will do."

"Is that really the case?" he said, gladly; "well, then, set your minds at rest. These red devils, clever as they are, have not got us yet, and with God's help we will give them a tough job to get hold of our scalps."

At no great distance from the spot where the travellers had halted, the stream to which we have alluded formed a rather sharp curve, in consequence of a mass of lofty rocks which almost completely barred its course. These rocks, though belonging to the mainland, advanced almost into the centre of the river bed, which they commanded for some forty yards, piled up irregularly on one another, doubtless through one of the earthquakes so frequent in this country. These rocks were sufficiently wide for twenty men to shelter themselves, and from this position command the narrow canon. It was to this natural fortress that the Canadian led his comrades, observing to the count that in this position they had no fear of being surrounded, and could, to a certain extent, make up for absent help.

When they reached the line of rocks, an apparently insurmountable obstacle presented itself; this was to make the horses, which they would not part from, cross the line of surf separating them from the rocks. The Canadian dismounted and carefully examined the passage. Then he returned, and taking his horse by the bridle, led it with extreme care across this difficult passage. The animal laid back its ears, resisted, and snorted wildly; but its master, while speaking to it and patting it, managed to lead it to the centre of a small esplanade, where it was protected on all sides against the Indian bullets and arrows. The Spaniards imitated the hunter's movements; so soon as the first horse had passed, the others, after some hesitation, followed it, and soon found themselves by the side of the Canadian's.

"Good," said the adventurer, rubbing his hands; "let the Red Skins come now and we will give them the reception they deserve."

Still he did not consider himself sufficiently safe yet behind these natural defences, and, helped by his comrades, he actively began raising a barricade with trees and lumps of rock, so as to form a sort of parapeted wall behind which it was possible to fire without showing themselves.

"Now," he said to the Spaniards, as he calculated the height of the sun, "it is five o'clock. The Indians, who although invisible, have not lost one of our movements, will not attack us before nightfall; that is to say, we have two hours before us to rest and eat our supper. Do not be afraid about lighting a fire; our enemies are perfectly acquainted with our position. Hence, we have no need to hide ourselves. Still, two of you will carefully watch the bank, while two others collect dry wood, and cut grass for the horses."

The order was immediately executed. The Canadian then sat down, quietly lit his pipe, and made the count a sign to follow his example.

"Now, senor," he said to him, "you see that every precaution has been made for a vigorous defence."

"Yes," the count kindly replied, "and with a skill and promptness which I cannot sufficiently admire."

"Nonsense, it is only habit. I suppose your soldiers are brave?"

"As lions."

"Very good. Are they good shots?"

"They are far from equalling you, still they possess considerable skill."

"In a word they will do their best, and we can expect no more from a man. But I have another and more serious question to ask you. Have you ammunition?"

"Hang it. That is the thing which annoys me. My men have only sixty rounds apiece."

"Come, come, we are richer than I believed; I have about one hundred charges."

"And I the same," the count interrupted.

"In that case, if we have provisions enough to hold out for two days, we are saved."

"As for food, the two mules are loaded with it."

"Bravo, senor," the Canadian shouted, joyously; "we have nothing more to fear now, so banish all anxiety."

"I really do not know how to requite the devotion you display to a person who is a stranger to you, and who can inspire you with but very slight interest."

"Are you not a man?" the Canadian replied. "That is enough for me. On the desert we are all brothers. You have a claim to my protection, as I have to yours. And besides, must I not defend my scalp?"

"Good, good," the count said with a smile, "the day may perhaps come for me to prove my gratitude to you."

"Not a word about that, if you wish to cause me pleasure. And stay—supper is ready, let us eat, for we must recruit our strength for the job which awaits us to-night."

They rose and joined the soldiers who were seated round the fire and eating with good appetite. By this time the sun had descended behind the lofty mountains, and night was at hand; the cloudless sky was begemmed by an infinite number of stars which were reflected in the silvery mirror of the stream; the coming breeze soughed softly through the branches, bringing with it the penetrating odors of the plants and flowers.

"Lie down, all of you," the Canadian said in a tone that admitted of no reply, "and sleep, so that you may be fresh for work when the hour arrives. I will keep watch for all, as your eyes would see nothing in the gloom."

"I will watch with you," said the count, "I feel that it would be impossible for me to sleep."

"Very good, senor."

Both then stationed themselves in a natural embrasure formed by two rocks coming closer together, and began their watch, during which the Canadian carefully surveyed the river bank.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE RED SKINS.

In the meanwhile the night had become more and more gloomy; the wind had risen in the north-east, driving before it heavy gray clouds, which intercepted the moonbeams, and collected over the canon. The count, obliged to keep silent, and worn out by the fatigue of a long ride, felt his eyelids involuntarily droop. At first he resisted the lethargy that assailed him; but, as he could not change his position, he soon found it impossible to carry on the struggle. His head fell on his chest, his eyes closed, he let his rifle fall, and went fast asleep. The adventurer gazed at him for a moment with an expression of pity mingled with pride.

"A valiant soldier for all that," he muttered, "but incapable of withstanding the fatigue of a lengthened watch in the presence of the Indians; better for him to sleep in peace."

Then, with an anxiety which had something filial in its rough kindness, he took off his thick zarape, of Indian manufacture, and carefully wrapped him up, the speaker saying in a whisper—

"The dew is heavy at this season of the year, and the nights are cold."

And he resumed his watch, looking round him carefully, in order to assure himself that, during the few seconds he had employed in doing this service to the count, no suspicious movement had occurred outside. Suddenly he started, and his eyes, obstinately fixed on an adjacent thicket, seemed trying to pierce the gloom. Gradually raising his rifle, whose barrel was browned in order that the moonbeams might not be reflected from it, he cocked and raised it, but at the sound of the hammer a shadow emerged from the centre of the clump, and holding out its arms to the hunter, several times waved a buffalo robe.

At this signal of peace, which was familiar to him, the hunter, without lowering his rifle, so that he might be able to resist any attempted treachery, sharply asked the person standing motionless in front of him, who he was and what he wanted.

"My brother the Sumach is a great pale-face brave," the stranger answered; "a chief wishes to sit at his fire, and smoke in council with him."

The hunter, on hearing the name of the Sumach, by which the Indians ordinarily designated him, understood that he was recognized; but he cared very little about it, for he was perfectly aware that the Red Skins knew the number of white men hidden by the rocks.

"You are drunk, Red Skin," he answered, sharply. "Go and sleep off your mezcal and fire water. This is not the hour to try and enter a war encampment."

"The Sumach is wise," the Indian continued. "His medicine is powerful. What does he fear from one man? The White Crow is a great chief in his nation, and his tongue is not forked."

"If you are really White Crow," the hunter answered, "your words are true; but what proof will you give me?"

"This," the Indian said.

And hurriedly stooping, he set fire to a pile of dry leaves and dead wood, which he had probably collected for the purpose. In a second the wood crackled, and a brilliant flame rose skywards, illumining all surrounding objects, and especially the person of the Indian, who, with his arms crossed on his chest, and head erect, placed himself so that not one of his features should escape the woodranger's searching glance.

"It is well, chief," the Canadian said, as he rested his rifle-butt on the ground, assured, apparently, at anyrate, that the Indian was alone. "You can come and take your place by my fire."

At the noise caused by this interview, the Spaniards had risen and seized their weapons, in order to be ready for any event.

"What is the matter?" the count asked, anxiously.

"Nothing out of the common in the rules of Indian tactics," the hunter answered; "a Red Skin chief desires, before attacking us, to make us probably unacceptable proposals."

"Why receive him, then?" the count continued.

"Refusing to do so would lead him and the demons hidden in the bushes to suppose that we are afraid; it is better to let him come. The time he loses here in useless words will be so much gained by us."

"That is true," the count said, with a smile; "and what part do you propose we should play in this farce?"

"None at all. Go to sleep again, or, if, your anxiety renders that impossible, pretend to sleep. This security on our part will produce a greater effect on the chief's mind than a ridiculous display of strength."

"But suppose this man only comes to us for the purpose of laying a trap," the count said, earnestly.

"There is no fear of that; although Indians are regarded by white men as savages, they are civilized in their fashion, and have an honor of their own. Once they have pledged their word, it may be trusted to in perfect security."

"Very well, my friend. You know better than I how you should behave to men with whose habits you are conversant, and therefore in the best way possible for our general safety."

"Trust to me for that, senor. I am as interested as yourself in the matter."

The count and his comrades, upon this assurance of the hunter, resumed their places, and when the chief appeared at the entrance of the encampment, all led him to believe that they were asleep.

"My brother, White Crow, is welcome to my fire," the Canadian said to him, "if he brings propositions of peace on behalf of his brothers."

"The intentions of the chief are good. It entirely depends on my brother whether they remain so."

The two men then bowed to each other with all the gravity demanded by Indian etiquette, and crouched down over the fire on which the Canadian had thrown some handfuls of dry wood to revive the flame. The chief then drew his pipe from his girdle, filled it with *marriche*, or sacred tobacco, lit it by the help of a twig, for fear lest his fingers should come in contact with the fire, and both men began smoking, silently passing the calumet to each other, from which they only drew three or four puffs at a time.

White Crow was a tall, well-built man, whose thin limbs, however, seemed tolerably strong. As far as it is possible to recognize an Indian's age, he did not seem to have passed middle life; his features were noble and marked, and his glance intelligent; the expression of his face was generally kindly. He was in full paint, and wore the war moccassins, which showed that he was on an expedition; excepting his scalping-knife, which was passed through his belt of untanned deer-hide, he was unarmed, at least apparently so.

When all the tobacco was consumed, the chief shook out the ashes on his thumb-nail, passed the pipe again through his belt, and turned to the hunter, who was waiting, cold and impassive, till he thought proper to speak.

"The Comanches of the Lakes," he said, "are surprised at finding here a great brave like my brother the Sumach. Can he have become a friend of the Yoris, or have they taken him prisoner in some ambuscade, and made him their slave?"

"Neither one nor the other, chief; accident alone brought me into their company," the hunter sharply replied.

"The Red Skins have the eye of the eagle and the wisdom of the snake. They saw the Sumach enter the stone calli, which the whites call the hacienda del Bario, accompanied by white men, and leave it in the same fashion."

"What does that prove, chief? Besides it concerns you but little, I suppose, if I am a friend of the Yoris, as you call them."

"More than my brother the Sumach supposes. The Comanches of the Lakes love the great heart of the east, they have met him on the war trail; they know that the Sumach is a great brave, and do not wish to see him enveloped in the ruin of their enemies."

"I thank you and yours, chief," the Canadian said, still perfectly calm, "for the interest you are kind enough to show for me. I too love your brothers; I have never fought your tribe except against the grain, and I should be vexed to level my rifle at them."

"Wah! my brother speaks well; wisdom dwells in him. Let him follow the chief to his camp; his place is marked out at the council fire."

"I should be glad to do so, chief," the hunter said, with a sad shake of the head. "Heaven is my witness that I should like to avoid bloodshed between us. Unhappily, what you propose is impossible; honor forbids my acceptance. I have sworn to protect these men, and will die or escape with them."

The Indian reflected for some minutes.

"My brother's intention is mad," he at length continued; "these Yoris must die."

"Why should it be so? can they not ransom themselves? Why shed blood unnecessarily? The Yoris will pay a ransom, and the Comanches will allow them to continue their journey in peace."

The Indian, in his turn, shook his head sadly several times.

"No," he said, "this is not the Mexican moon; the Comanches are not seeking booty, but want revenge. My brother must not press me further, but will abandon the Yoris. One of the great Comanche chiefs has been insulted, and the avenger of blood is behind the pale faces; they will die; I have spoken."

The Canadian rose.

"Though I refuse to accept my brother's offer," he said, "I am not the less grateful for the step which he has uselessly taken, impelled by the interest he feels for me. Let him return to his men and repeat my words to them; they are those of a man whose heart is upright. Their enemies are my brothers, and I will defend them, whatever may happen; if they fall I shall fall with them; but, at anyrate, I shall have the satisfaction of having done my duty, instead of committing a cowardly act unworthy of a warrior and a Christian."

"My brother's blood will fall on his own head," the chief said, with an accent of sadness, which he was unable to conceal entirely.

Then after bowing ceremoniously to the hunter, who returned his salute, he withdrew slowly, and soon disappeared in the darkness.

"Up, comrades," the Canadian said so soon as he was alone; "you will now have to prove yourselves brave men, for I predict that we shall be vigorously attacked within ten minutes."

In an instant the Spaniards were armed and ambushed behind the rocks. The count walked up to the hunter and said, as he cordially pressed his hand—

"Senor Olivero, I heard all; you could save yourself by abandoning us, but refused to do so. I thank you."

"Nonsense," the adventurer replied, laughingly; "did you not understand that the Indian was setting a clumsy trap for me, into which I was not so simple as to fall?"

"Why try to reduce the merit of your loyal conduct? I know perfectly well, and you know as well as I do, that this man spoke the truth."

"That is possible. Would you not have done the same in my place?"

"That is a singular question. Do you imagine, pray, that everybody has your heroism?"

The Canadian began laughing, and the conversation broke off here for the present, for an immense belt of flame rose from the bank and dispelled the gloom as if by enchantment; the Indians were beginning their attack by firing the grass, so that they might see the enemy's camp at their ease. At the same instant a cloud of arrows and a hailstorm of bullets hailed over the camp, though it was impossible for the Spaniards to distinguish a single enemy.

"Spare your ammunition," the Canadian recommended his companions; "do not fire till you are certain; who knows how long this may last? Do not expose yourselves unless you wish to be traversed by an arrow or hit by a bullet; we are waging an Indian war, in which courage is most shown in prudence."

The hunter, however, with his body bent forward, was attentively seeking an opportunity to fire, following the direction of the shots; but the Red Skins knew by experience the infallible precision of his aim, and were not at all anxious to serve as his target; hence they redoubled their precautions. Suddenly the Canadian fancied he saw a slight movement behind some logs collected on the bank and fired. At the same instant an Indian leapt up like a wounded buck, and then fell back; several warriors dashed forward to pick up his body, and four fresh shots produced four more corpses. The Indians thereupon fled, abandoning their wounded, who writhed in the last convulsions of death, and all fell back into such deep silence that had it not been for the sight of the corpses and the increasing conflagration, it might have been supposed that all had been a dream.

"Well," the count said, as he re-loaded his gun, "it was a sharp skirmish, but the lesson was a good one, and I hope they will profit by it."

"Do not fancy that they will so easily give up getting hold of you. Have a little patience and you will see them return. Have we any wounded?"

"Not a soul."

"Heaven be blessed! let us redouble our vigilance, for it is probable that they are at this moment inventing some diabolical stratagem to deceive us."

Nearly two hours elapsed, and the Red Skins did not make the slightest movement indicating their desire to attempt a fresh attack.

"I believe, my friend," the count said, "that you are mistaken, and that these demons have definitively given up the contest."

The Canadian shook his head, as he sought to distinguish what was going on upon the river bank by the expiring flames of the conflagration. Suddenly he burst into a passionate cry, "Viva Dios!" he shouted; "look at those demons incarnate, they are rolling trunks of trees, behind which they are sheltered like cunning opossums; if we do not take care we shall have them upon us within a quarter of an hour."

The hunter had guessed correctly. The Red Skins, after cutting down a considerable number of trees, had formed them into a sort of flying barricade, behind which they advanced till they reached the river bank, and had but a few yards to go in order to arrive at the rocks. Once there, they would begin a hand to hand fight, in which their numerical superiority would infallibly gain them the advantage. The situation was growing critical for the besieged; each moment rendered it worse, for they were compelled to keep up an incessant fire on invisible enemies, who continued to advance without taking the trouble to reply, being protected by the bullets and arrows of several of their party, who remained behind, and skirmished with the Spaniards, whom they thus obliged to display great caution to avoid being hit, and in consequence could not fire with their usual skill. On reaching the spot where the belt of rocks began, the Indians rose all together and bounded forward like a pack of tigers, uttering horrible yells.

"We must die now," the Canadian exclaimed.

Seven guns were discharged together, and seven enemies fell. But the others pressed on; they leapt over the bodies and rushed at the Spaniards. Then began a struggle impossible to describe, of seven men against twenty; a gigantic struggle, heroically though hopelessly sustained by the white men, who, in spite of prodigious efforts, saw the moment rapidly approaching when they must succumb.

The count especially fought with admirable energy against the Indians, who pressed him closely and seemed anxious to seize his person. Several times, had it not been for the Canadian's devotion, he would have been carried off by the Red Skins. Several Spaniards lay dead or seriously wounded; a few moments more, a few seconds perhaps, and all would be over with the white men—when a strange event suddenly occurred. A horrible clamor began among the Indians, who, for no apparent cause, were attacked by a panic and fled in all directions, crying with an accent of indescribable despair—

"Woe, woe! the Queen of the Savannah, the Queen of the Savannah!"

At the same instant three riders appeared in the canon, driving before them the Red Skins, who did not attempt to resist, but fled in all directions. The Spaniards were saved at the very moment when they fancied themselves lost. Indeed, it was time for this help to arrive, for of eight, only three remained on their feet, the rest were dead!

The flight of the Indians gradually became converted into a thorough rout; the strange riders, at the head of whom it was easy to distinguish a female, passed the Spanish encampment like a tornado, and disappeared in the darkness, still obstinately pursuing the fugitives. The travellers, so miraculously saved, remained alone, suffering from great perplexity, not knowing whether they were really delivered, or had another attack to apprehend from their ferocious and implacable foes. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Anecdote of Baron Rothschild.

A short time ago the Baron Von Rothschild took a walk in Paris, and suddenly found himself behind the Pantheon, in a part of the city with which he was not familiar. He entered the shop of a dealer in old curiosities, and discovered among a great deal of worthless trumpery an old barometer from the time of Louis the Sixteenth, the carving of which was exceedingly well preserved. The baron, who is a connoisseur of such things, immediately resolved to buy the barometer. The price was ten francs, and Rothschild, glad to get it so cheap, put his hand in his pocket to give the woman who kept the store a ten franc piece. Unfortunately he discovered that he had left his pocket-book at home. "Well, never mind," he said, "I shall take the barometer anyhow. Send it to my house. I am Baron Rothschild. The money will be paid to you at my house." "I do not know your name, monsieur," replied the woman; "moreover, I never send any goods away unless they have previously been paid for."

The baron was greatly puzzled. He had never dreamed that anybody could be ignorant of his name; but, as he happened to be in very good humor, he felt highly amused, and was just about to give her some information as to who he was, when he saw a commissionaire pass by on the other side of the street. He beckoned to him, and when the honest Auvergnat stood before him he asked him, "Do you know, perhaps, Baron Rothschild?" "That is a very funny question, sir. Rothschild! Why, that is our money-king. Why do you ask the question?" he said, growlingly, for he supposed it was a mere mystification. "Because madame here refuses to trust him for ten francs," said Rothschild, pointing to the woman. "Is that really true, Madame Duclos?" cried the commissionaire, in surprise. "Yes, you see, Monsieur Pierre, we cannot know everybody in the world," replied the woman, in confusion; "I know you, and if you will go the gentleman's security—" At these words the baron burst into a fit of laughter. "Very well, Monsieur Pierre," he said, "if you will go my security, do so; but, above all things, go and fetch me a hack, and then carry this barometer to my house." The commissionaire received a very handsome reward at the house of the rich millionaire for going security for Baron Rothschild.

An Amusing Mistake.

In a pretty village near Boston, a love of a little Episcopal chapel having just been finished, a benevolent parishioner sent off to a "proper authority" in a very ecclesiastical city, an order for a new surplice of whitest, finest lawn, as a present to the church. The vestment arrived, and so did the officiating minister, who, donning the delicate fabric, was a little mystified at some extra embroidery across the neck-band, which, in his reverential mood, he deciphered as containing the letters "G. O. D." Just what might be the symbolism of this did not at once occur to him; but thinking that some enthusiastic antiquary had struck a fresh vein of apostolic decorative art, he went composedly through the service. Leaving the church with the benevolent parishioner aforesaid, this gentleman asked the clergyman if he noticed anything unusual about the surplice he had worn. "Yes," said the other, "I noticed the name of the Supreme Being embroidered on the collar, and could not quite understand exactly what it was for." "Oh," rejoined the donor, "that was a blunder of the maker. I ordered him to mark the *parcel* when he sent it 'C. O. D.,' (cash on delivery,) and the fool went and put these letters, as you see, *on the robe itself.*"

☞ The apologists of the Emperor Napoleon, it is said, assert that the fearful bloodshed at the time of the coup d'etat in December, 1851, was occasioned by an aid-de-camp's mistaking the reply of Marshal St. Arnaud to an application for orders as to the treatment of the large number of prisoners that had been taken. The Marshal had a severe cold, and was suffering from a paroxysm of coughing when the aid presented himself. Unable to answer at once, St. Arnaud impatiently exclaimed *ma sacre toux!* (this fearful cough.) The aid mistook this for *massacre tous*, (slaughter them all), and the prisoners were shot down in cold blood.

☞ Bulwer is called the "ugliest" man in Parliament.

THE

OLD OAKS CEMETERY CO.

OF

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PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 26, 1868.

THE "OLD OAKS" CEMETERY

Is situated on the Township Line road, at the intersection of Nicetown lane, and embraces SIXTY-NINE acres of romantically beautiful land. It is the estate known for many years as "Old Oaks," late the country seat of John Tucker, Esq.

The name is taken from the great number and unusual thrift and beauty of the majestic "old oak" trees now growing on the property, and which lend to it a charm and appearance of permanency peculiarly in harmony with the purposes to which the ground is dedicated.

No better selection of a location for a cemetery could have been made. All the advantages possessed by each of the other cemeteries are combined in this. It is central in situation, and easily accessible, by good roads, from all directions; it is perfectly convenient to, and is but a short distance from Germantown, Manayunk, Nicetown, Frankford, and Bridesburg, and can be reached from all parts of the city of Philadelphia by means of Broad street, which is now the most attractive and commanding in appearance of any avenue, not only in this city, but in the whole country, and which is free from those interruptions and delays which render private travel on most of our highways not only disagreeable, but often dangerous.

It extends for long distances on both Nicetown lane and the Township Line road, and will have three main and ornamental gateways, so as to afford facilities for ingress and egress from all directions, and the drives through the place, and all the approaches to it, are so arranged that its embellishments and superior advantages cannot fail to be at once seen and appreciated by the visitor.

It is the intention of the proprietors to make "Old Oaks" the most beautiful cemetery in America, and the artificial decorations, the lakes, drives, walks, and horticultural ornamentation will give it an appearance unsurpassed by any other ever brought to public notice, and will tend to allay the feeling of gloom often caused by the sombre and funereal aspect so prevalent in cemeteries generally.

The buildings on the property are well known as the most costly and handsome ever erected by private capital. The mansion will be used in part as a chapel, and the surroundings beautified in keeping with the character of the place; in a word, the proprietors wish to do away with the feeling of repulsiveness so often associated with graveyards and charnel-houses, and hold out every inducement to the friends and relatives of the departed to visit the grounds which contain relics so precious to them.

The "Old Oaks" will be made an object of interest to strangers, as well as residents of Philadelphia; and, while the solemnity of the scene will not be violated, yet the impression will be conveyed that death is a mere separation, and that those who have fought "life's battle" are only resting from their labors, and are always kept alive in the memory of their survivors.

The grounds will be open to visitors at all hours during the day.

The office of the Company is at No. 413 CHESTNUT Street, Room No. 1, where maps and plans of the Cemetery can be seen, applications made for lots, and desired information given. nov7-3t

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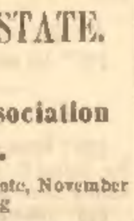

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WOMAN.

FEMALES, owing to the peculiar and important relations which they sustain, their peculiar organization, and the offices they perform, are subject to many sufferings. Freedom from these contribute in no small degree to their happiness and welfare, for none can be happy who are ill. Not only so, but no one of these various female complaints can long be suffered to run on without involving the general health of the individual, and are long producing permanent sickness and premature decline. Nor is it pleasant to consult a physician for the relief of these various delicate affections, and only upon the most urgent necessity will a true woman so far sacrifice her greatest charm as to do this. The sex will then thank us for placing in their hands simple specifics which will be found efficacious in relieving and curing almost every one of those troublesome complaints peculiar to the sex.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT OF BUCHU.

Hundreds suffer on in silence, and hundreds of others apply vainly to druggists and doctors, who either morally tantalize them with the hope of a cure or apply remedies which make them worse. I would not wish to assert anything that would do injustice to the afflicted, but I am obliged to say that although it may be produced from excessive exhaustion of the powers of life, by laborious employment, unwholesome air and food, profuse menstruation, the use of tea and coffee, and frequent childbirth, it is far oftener caused by direct irritation, applied to the mucous membrane of the vagina itself.

When reviewing the causes of these distressing complaints, it is most painful to contemplate the attendant evils consequent upon them. It is but simple justice to the subject to enumerate a few of the many additional causes which so largely affect the life, health, and happiness of woman in all classes of society, and which, consequently, affect more or less directly, the welfare of the entire human family. The mania that exists for precocious education and marriage, causes the years that nature designed for corporeal development to be wasted and perverted in the restraints of dress, the early confinement of school, and especially in the unhealthy excitement of the ball room. Thus, with the body half clothed, and the mind unduly excited by pleasure, perverting in midnight revel the hours designed by nature for sleep and rest, the work of destruction is half accomplished.

In consequence of this early strain upon her system, unnecessary effort is required by the delicate votary to retain her situation in school at a later day, thus aggravating the evil. When one excitement is over, another in prospective keeps the mind morbidly sensitive to impression, while the now constant restraint of fashionable dress, absolutely forbidding the exercise indispensable to the attainment and retention of organic health and strength; the exposure to night air; the sudden change of temperature; the complete prostration produced by excessive dancing, must, of necessity, produce their legitimate effect. At last, an early marriage caps the climax of misery, and the unfortunate one, hitherto so utterly regardless of the plain dictates and remonstrances of her delicate nature, becomes an unwilling subject of medical treatment. This is but a truthful picture of the experience of thousands of our young women.

Long before the ability to exercise the functions of the generative organs, they require an education of their peculiar nervous system, composed of what is called the tissue, which is, in common with the female breast and lips, evidently under the control of mental emotions and associations at an early period of life; and, as we shall subsequently see, these emotions, when excessive, lead, long before puberity, to habits which sap the very life of their victims ere nature has self completed their development.

For Female Weakness and Debility, Whites or Leucorrhœa, Too Profuse Menstruation, Exhaustion, Too Long Continued Periods, for Prolapsus and Bearing Down, or Prolapsus Uteri, we offer the most perfect specific known:

HELMBOLD'S

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Directions for use, diet, and advice, accompany.

Females in every period of life, from infancy to extreme old age, will find it a remedy to aid nature in the discharge of its functions. Strength is the glory of manhood and womanhood.

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is more strengthening than any of the preparations of Bark or Iron, infinitely safer, and more pleasant.

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sep26-cow17t

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SHERMAN

RUPTURED PERSONS NOTIFIED.

Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, Artistic Surgeon, respectfully notifies his patients, and the large number of afflicted persons who have called at his office during his absence, anxious to receive the aid of his experience, that he has returned from his professional visit to Havana, and will be prepared to receive them at his office, No. 697 Broadway.

Dr. SHERMAN'S inventions are the only established, secure, and comfortable radical curatives for Hernia, or Rupture, in all its varied forms and stages, in persons of every age, without regard to the duration of the disease.

Dr. SHERMAN is the founder of the "Marsdb Grande," Havana, Cuba, established several years since for the treatment, by his method, of this most terrible of all human afflictions, where, from the good result of his personal attention, the afflicted, rather than trust themselves to the care of his pupils, await his periodical visits.

Descriptive circulars, with photographic likenesses of cases cured, and other particulars, mailed on receipt of two postage stamps. je13-1y

THE

Berkshire Life Insurance Co.,

PITTSFIELD, MASS.,

Offers GREATER ADVANTAGES to Policy-holders than any company in this country.

INCORPORATED A. D. 1851. CHARTER PERPETUAL.

T. F. PLUNKETT, President.
BENJ. CHICKERING, Secretary.
JACOB L. GREENE, Asst. Sec'y.

Assets	**$1,000,000**
Annual Income	**500,000**

Dividends paid annually, on the Contribution Plan, from 29 to 70 per cent.

All the profits are divided among the Policy-holders.

Dividends paid to Policy-holders this year $400,000.

The BERKSHIRE was the FIRST COMPANY in the United States to make ALL of its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.

Every Policy issued by this Company since April, A. D. 1867, is NON-FORFEITABLE, and so expressed in the Policy.

An Annual Payment Life Policy is NOT forfeited by failure to pay Premium when due, but it is continued in force under the Massachusetts Law of April, 1861.

EXAMPLE AT AGE 35.

One annual payment will continue the policy in force two years and three days.
Two annual payments will continue the policy in force four years and twelve days.
Three annual payments will continue the policy in force six years and twenty-seven days.
Four annual payments will continue the policy in force eight years and forty-six days.
Five annual payments will continue the policy in force ten years and fifty-six days.
Six annual payments will continue the policy in force twelve years and forty-one days.
Nineteen annual payments will continue the policy in force thirty years and 161 days.

All Endowment and Limited Payment Life Policies are entitled to a "PAID UP NON-FORFEITABLE POLICY," after ONE Annual Premium has been paid.

WM. H. GRAVES,
General Agent and Attorney for Pennsylvania,
329 WALNUT St., Philadelphia, Pa.
W. H. SMITH, M. D., Medical Examiner,
feb8-1y 915 SPRUCE St., Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ AGENTS WANTED.

"We challenge investigation from any and all quarters as to the legitimate and straightforward character of our business."

EASTMAN & KENDALL'S

ONE-PRICE SALE.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

It is now a well established fact that no other method brings the MANUFACTURER and CONSUMER so NEAR EACH OTHER as our unrivalled and popular club system of selling all kinds of

DRY AND FANCY GOODS, SILKS, COTTONS, BOOTS & SHOES, WATCHES, SEWING MACHINES, CUTLERY, DRESS GOODS, DOMESTIC GOODS, &c., &c.,

which are actually selling at an average price of **One Dollar for each article.**

THE LADIES

are specially invited to give us a trial.

To parties sending in clubs of from 10 to 1000, we offer better inducements and larger commissions than any other house. Parties now acting as agents for other houses will observe that we offer as commission for a

Club of 30—Twenty yards *best* Cotton Sheeting.
Club of 60—Forty yards *best* Cotton Sheeting.
Club of 100—Sixty yards *best* Cotton Sheeting, and an equal amount of commission when paid in other goods.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR AND EXCHANGE LIST.

Our club system of selling is as follows: For $2 we send 20 patent pen fountains and checks describing 20 different articles to be sold for a dollar each; 30 for $3; 60 for $6; 100 for $10, &c. Sent by mail. Larger commission to getter-up of club than is allowed by any other firm. Single fountain and check, 10 cts. Male and female agents wanted. **Send money in Registered Letters.** Send us a trial club and you will acknowledge that you cannot afford to buy goods of any other house thereafter.

N. B. Our sale should NOT be classed with dollar jewelry sales and gift enterprises.

EASTMAN & KENDALL,
65 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.
oct17-6m

CORNS BUNIONS, BAD NAILS, etc., cured by Dr. J. Briggs, 208 Broadway, cor. Fulton. *Briggs' Curative*, a reliable remedy. Sold everywhere. By mail, 60 c. and $1 20.

CATARRH HEADACHE, NEURALGIA RHEUMATISM, &c. cured by *BRIGGS' Allevantor* a reliable remedy. Sold everywhere. 50c. & $1. Samples free by Express. Dr. J. BRIGGS & Co. 208 Broadway N. Y.
je6-1y

AGENTS WANTED.—"Magic Drawing Sheets." Price 10 cents. Three for 25 cents. Address A. BARBER & BRO., Port Byron, Ills.
sep26-6m

DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, PRES'T A.A.LIMB CO.

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

Dr. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct20-1y

BELCHER, JAMES & CO.'S

Great One Dollar Sale.

THE MOST LIBERAL CONCERN OF THE KIND IN THE COUNTRY.

☞ *The smallest article on our checks can be exchanged at any time for a splendid large Concertina, or a five-bottle revolving silver plated Castor, or twenty-four French Stereoscopic Views.*

We have on hand over half a million dollars' worth of goods. The largest and most valuable stock of Linens, Woolens, Cottons, Flannels, Dress Goods, Fancy Goods, Plated Ware, Cutlery, Meerschaum Pipes, &c., &c., of ANY DOLLAR SALE House in America. We import our own goods, and can sell in large or small quantities at importers' prices. *This never has been done before*, and is causing a complete panic among wholesalers and retailers, wherever our goods are sent. If you wish to buy goods cheap, *Now is the time!* WE ARE BOUND TO SELL! Everything sold at the uniform rate of **One Dollar Each.** Those getting up clubs for other firms will do well to stop where they are, and *send for our Circular.* Our inducements are double those of any other concern.

AGENTS, LOOK HERE!

For a Club of Thirty, and $3, we send one of the following articles, FREE OF CHARGE:—24 yards of heavy brown or bleached yard wide Sheeting; 1 Double Lens French Stereoscope, with 24 rich foreign views; 1 Ladies' real Morocco Travelling Bag; 10 pairs Ladies' fine Merino Stockings; 1 genuine Meerschaum Pipe, amber mouthpiece, in splendid case; 1 Violin and Bow in box complete; All-Wool Cassimere for pants; 1 pair Ladies' extra quality Cloth Boots; 1 dozen fine Linen Towels; 1 Steel Carving Knife and Fork with ivory balanced handle, very best quality; Gents' heavy chased solid Gold Ring; Elegant Delaine Dress Pattern; 1 dozen heavy silver plated white metal Dessert Forks; 1 dozen Rogers Bros. best heavy plated white metal Tea Spoons; 6 Engraved S. P. Napkin Rings; 1 rich 20-keyed metal bound Concertina, retails for $10.

For a Club of Fifty, and $5, one of the following articles:—1 Web of heavy brown or bleached yard wide Sheeting; 1 black or colored Alpaca Dress Pattern; 1 pair All-Wool Blankets; Engraved silver plated 6 bottle Revolving Castor; 1 set ivory balanced Knives, with silver plated white metal Forks; 1 pair Gents' Calf Boots; 35 yds good Print; 4 yds double width Water-Proof for Cloaking; 1 Square Wool Shawl; 3½ yds very fine Cassimere for pants and vest; Beautiful Poplin Dress Pattern; 100-Picture Turkey Morocco Photograph Album.

For a Club of One Hundred, and $10, presents varying in value from $15 to $25. *Club of Five Hundred, and* $50, presents from $60 to $100. Larger clubs increased in the same ratio. Premiums sent with goods.

Circulars free to any address. Send all money by registered letter or money order. Address

BELCHER, JAMES & CO.,
Successors to A. S. Hardy & Co.,
oct21-4t 7 and 9 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

TO AMERICAN TRAPPERS.

Being practically acquainted with the system of catching the Fur-bearing animals, I have published receipts setting forth the best modes known for catching the Fox, Wolf, Beaver, Otter, Fisher, Martin and Mink. Also, receipts for making the best scents known to draw the above animals to the trap. Any person in the United States sending me $1.25, American currency, by mail, paid and registered, will receive in return a full set of my receipts, which I have been selling for the past four years, and so far as I am aware they have given general satisfaction. Address F. PENNOCK, Elgin P. O., Leeds Co., Ontario, Canada. oct17-6t

WORK FOR THE WINTER.—All that want employment for the winter, at $20 per week and expenses paid, selling new inventions, send 20 cents for sample that retails for $1, or stamp for circulars to the Union Manuf'g. Co., Marshall, Mich. oct21-2t

WIT AND HUMOR.

Would Not Suit.

A cook, having called for a situation at the house of Mr. X——, it so chanced when that gentleman was at home, and his wife absent—began to prosecute her inquiries about the place. She went through the usual list of "privileges," "stationary tubs," "other help," and so forth, and then, before the astonished gentleman could interpose any inquiries of his own, asked to be shown the whole house, as she "couldn't abide being in any but a first-class establishment." Mr. X., having by this time recovered from his surprise, gravely escorted her to the parlor, which, after critically examining, she approved. Next, he took her to the guest's chamber, which also she approved; whereupon Mr. X. asked her if it would suit her for her own. She replied that it would perfectly, as she was fond of mirrors and rosewood furniture.

"All right, madam," then adds Mr. X. gallantly, "but—I suppose you speak French?"

"No."

"No? Not speak French! Hum! Of course you paint?"

"Oh no, sir."

"Not paint, indeed! Well, then, certainly you play the piano?"

"No, sir, please."

"Ah, then, you will not suit. My rule is invariable that when a cook occupies this chamber, she must speak French, paint, and play the piano."

The fastidious cook went away feeling very much as if a new idea had been suggested to her.

An Equivocal Inducement.

We yesterday heard rather a good story on one of our city ministers. During last winter a revival was in progress in one of the country churches near the city. Among the regular attendants on the meeting was a beautiful and estimable, but rather unsophisticated young lady, whose friends were very anxious to have her united with the church.

She seemed, however, reluctant to do so, and the minister in question was requested to "talk to her." This he did several times, on one occasion saying, in a jocular manner, "Miss M., if you will join the church I'll marry you," meaning he would perform the ceremony. The girl seemed pleased with the proposition, and a few evenings after walked up to the altar and united with the church.

Several weeks after this the minister preached at the church, and after the services met the young lady. "Bro. ——," said she, "you know you promised to marry me if I'd join the church. Are you going to do so? I don't want to wait any longer." The minister saw his dilemma, and attempted to explain. "I meant I would perform the ceremony," he said, "that's all. I can't marry you myself, for I am already married, and love my wife too much to desire to swap her off for another."

The young lady became indignant, declared that she'd leave the church, and that she "never did have much faith in these town preachers." Our ministerial friend declares that he will never again use any other than plain scriptural argument to induce a young lady to join the church.—*New Albany Commercial.*

Tailors Defended.

A tailor possesses the qualities of nine men combined in one, as will be seen by the following observations:

1. As an economist, he cuts his coat according to his cloth.
2. As a gardener, he is careful of his cabbage.
3. As a sailor, he sheers off wherever it is proper.
4. As a play actor, he often brandishes a bare bodkin.
5. As a lawyer, he attends many suits.
6. As an executioner, he provides suspenders or gallowses for many persons.
7. As a cook, he is generally furnished with a warm goose.
8. As a sheriff's officer, he does much at sponging.
9. As a rational and Scriptural divine, his great aim is to form good habits, for the benefit of himself and others.

Involuntary Partnership.

Some years ago there went to and fro on one of the steamers on Long Island Sound (Stonington line) a colored man of the name of Watson, who acted in the capacity of barber. The demand for shaving being limited, and a desire for the accumulation of wealth animating his bosom, he obtained from the steward permission to sell ice-cream in the saloon after getting under way. He engaged as assistant a bright boy of twelve, named Frank. On being asked one evening how trade was, Watson replied that there "seemed to be a good deal of cream *sold*, but not much money coming in;" he "couldn't understand it." A few minutes afterward the same question was propounded to Frank. *His* reply was, "Tip-top!" On being told what Watson had stated, he looked up and said, his eyes twinkling: "O! Watson and me is in partnership, *but Watson don't know it!*"

COULD CRADLE.—A correspondent at Utica informs us that a couple of Irish lads of that city, wishing to obtain a little extra pocket-money, determined to go into the country during harvest-time and work among the farmers. Encountering a kindly-looking man of this class they made application for employment. "Can you cradle?" asked the farmer. Now an Irishman in search of work was never known to confess ignorance of anything; but this question was a puzzler. The boys looked at each other, as if for a suggestion. No use. At length Dennis, looking boldly at the farmer, said: "Of course we can cradle, *but cuddent ye give us a job out doors?*"

"A SWINDLE."—The Journal of the Telegraph tells the story of an odd telegraphic blunder: "A merchant who was absent from his home received a telegram informing him of his wife's safe delivery of a little boy; at the same time a letter from his partner advising him that a draft had been presented for five thousand dollars, and the signature seemed rather doubtful. The merchant replied to both dispatches, but misdirected them. The astonishment of the wife may be imagined when she read: 'I know nothing about it; it is a swindle.' The partner received hearty congratulations upon 'his safe deliverance.'"

INTELLECTUAL CREATURE.—"No, it's utterly impossible for a fellah to stand this disgusting weather. I feel as if all my bwains were going to the dogs."
LADY.—"Dear, dear! *Poor dogs!*"

"SOMEBODY."

BY WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

There's a meddlesome "Somebody" going about,
And playing his pranks, but we can't find him out;
He's up stairs and down stairs from morning till night,
And always in mischief, but never in sight.

The rogues I have read of in song or in tale,
Are caught at the end, and conducted to jail;
But "Somebody's" tracks are all covered so well
He never has seen the inside of a cell.

Our young folks at home, at all seasons and times,
Are rehearsing the roll of "Somebody's" crimes;
Or, fast as their feet and their tongues can well run,
Come to tell the last deed the sly scamp has done.

"'Somebody' has taken my knife," one will say;
"'Somebody' has carried my pencil away;"
"'Somebody' has gone and thrown down all the blocks;"
"'Somebody' ate up all the cakes in the box."

It is "Somebody" breaks all the pitchers and plates,
And hides the boys' sleds, and runs off with their skates,
And turns on the water, and tumbles the beds,
And steals all the pins, and melts all the dolls' heads.

One night a dull sound like the thump of a head
Announced that one youngster was out of his bed;
And he said half asleep, when asked what it meant,
"'Somebody' is pushing me out of the tent!"

Now, if these high crimes of "Somebody" don't cease,
We must summon in the detective police;
And they, in their wisdom, at once will make known
The culprit belongs to no house but our own.

Then should it turn out, after all, to be true,
That our young folks themselves are "Somebody" too,
How queer it would look if we saw them all go
Marched off to the station-house, six in a row!

Eyesight.

At the age of seventy years a name honored and revered on both continents writes—"I am now writing this with my eyes closed, by the aid of a machine and even this at some peril of blindness. My general health is perfect, and I am able to do as much work as ever, without fatigue. My only difficulty is with my eyes, and this is a serious and alarming one." To have good health, and to be capable both as to mind and body of doing full work, and yet not be allowed to do any, and this to have been the case, more or less, for ten years past, and to last for all this life to come, as it certainly will, is a terrible calamity; a clear loss of twenty years labor to the world. This condition was induced by the person getting up to study and write at four o'clock winter and summer for a series of years. A beneficent Providence has arranged that the glare of light shall come on very gradually in the morning and that as gradually shall it depart into darkness in the evening. The painfulness of coming instantly into a bright light is familiar to all. And yet after the eyes have been closed in the perfect darkness of sleep for seven or eight hours, to be instantly exposed to a bright gas or other artificial light, for early study is practised by many; and without knowing it very many students thus prepare themselves for an early impairment of sight, to say nothing of the bodily suffering, of mental chafing and disquietude and loss of time and money. There is no gain, in the long run by using the eyes to read or write after sundown or before sunrise and breakfast; it may be done with a measure of impunity in a few cases; but in nine cases out of ten disaster will follow; in no case is night study an economy of time, nor is it a necessity as a habitual thing. Night is the time for rest, and both body and brain, especially as to students, require all the sleep the system will take; they ought never to be waked up, nature will infallibly do that when she has had her fill, and to shorten sleep, is to shorten life; half the time of daylight is as long as any man ought to spend in hard study.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A Breakfast with Sherman.

[Under this head the "*Southern Opinion*" contains the following anecdote from an ex-rebel source relative to Gen. Sherman. The writer says, "I did *not* myself meet with the adventure recorded, but it was narrated to me by a dear friend, whose word I could implicitly trust, but whose death has occurred since the surrender:"]

One morning, how it matters not, four of my company, myself among the number, found ourselves in the wilds of South Carolina; without any knowledge of the country, separated from our command, and having an idea that Sherman's advance guard was close to us, but in what direction we could not tell, as we were utterly at a loss. This it will be allowed was a situation far from pleasant, but when in addition it is taken into consideration, that we were enduring the pangs of hunger and thirst, that we were weary, heart and body, completely broken down, and that we possessed a sorrowful consciousness, that the Confederacy was near its end, it will be readily imagined that very few jokes and hilarious remarks, enlivened our conversation, as we jogged along. Hunger is a guest that uses very little ceremony in his visits, and the little fellow was knocking at our breasts very rudely, and clamorously asserting his presence. He was not to be put to silence, and so for peace sake we determined to grant his request. As if to try us, no sooner had we agreed to search for food, than we came to a by-path, which branched off to the right of the road we were travelling. It looked promising, and looking down a leafy vista, we discerned about three hundred yards off, unmistakeable signs of a farm house, and as a thing of course a land flowing with milk and honey. So determined to "stand the hazard of the die," we filed off down the road to breakfast. We found a small farm house, inhabited by an old widow lady, whose two sons had been killed in Virginia, and who, with four or five faithful slaves, still managed to keep her little farm in good order. Welcoming us, for "the sake of the gray," as she said, we were soon seated on the grass plat, enjoying a good though homely meal, and under the influence of her excellent buttermilk, cornbread, and fried chicken, were rapidly becoming reinvigorated.

Suddenly a confusion of voices sounded near us, and I caught the gleam of sabres and bright uniforms, as about a dozen cavalry in dark blue thundered down toward us.

Evidently they had not seen us. A word and a touch, and all four were in the adjoining thicket, awaiting their approach. They galloped up and ordering breakfast, sat down on a bench to await for it.

I felt a touch on my shoulder, and looking up saw a pale face near my own, with eyes turned in a constrained manner to an officer on the bench.

"R——," the lips whispered almost inaudibly, "now is the time to end the war. Yonder sits Sherman."

I was so utterly taken by surprise, that I did not at first comprehend him, but gradually as I gazed mechanically on the officer pointed out to me, I began to understand that the South's greatest and most powerful enemy, the one who was rapidly wiping her out of existence as a nation, who held her fate as it were in the hollow of his hand, who had done her more evil in four months than all his predecessors had accomplished in as many years, was sitting here serene and unconscious, within reach of my carbine. I at once commenced cautiously to unsling it.

The fate of the Confederacy perhaps hung on that moment; when at this length of time I think upon the awful interests that were at stake, my brain reels and I grow faint.

The general arose unconscious of his peril, and walked, with a rapid military tread, into the house, followed by his staff, and very soon we could see them through the open window engaged in eating breakfast. I was completely baffled, and had no opportunity, nor had any of us, to renew our attempts, as a body of cavalry soon arrived, before whom we thought it prudent to retire, and accordingly made a sudden retreat.

☞ Henry Ward Beecher applied to Oliver Wendell Holmes for a remedy for hay fever. "Gravel, about eight feet deep," was the witty physician's recipe. That is the cure of most of the ills flesh is heir to.

Healthfulness of Apples.

There is scarcely an article of vegetable food more widely useful and more universally liked than the apple. Why every farmer has not an apple orchard, where the trees will grow at all, is one of the mysteries. Let every housekeeper lay in a good supply of apples, and it will be the most economical investment in the whole range of culinaries. A raw, mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half, while boiled cabbages require five hours. The most healthful dessert that can be placed on the table is a baked apple. If eaten frequently at breakfast, with coarse bread and butter, without flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidities, and cooling off febrile conditions more effectually than the most approved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute apples—sound and ripe—for pies, cakes and sweetmeats, with which their children are too frequently stuffed, there would be a diminution in the sum total of doctors' bills, in a single year, sufficient to lay in a stock of this delicious fruit for the whole season's use.—*Christian Advocate.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Items.

—An exchange says, two posts split from the same log were set for gate posts, one top end in the ground, the other butt end in the ground; the first lasted seventeen years, the other ten years.

—Good picked winter apples are selling in Worcester, Mass., at $2.50 per barrel—half a dollar less than potatoes can be had for.

—The Gardeners' Monthly says that a great revolution has occurred in selecting trees for planting. Bushy plants are now sought for. The shade which the side branches make is considered beneficial to the tree. With very low branched trees there is this advantage, that the plough or the spade cannot approach very near the trunk to damage the roots.

—In England many farmers support large families on the produce of six English acres of land, beside paying heavy taxes. Many in Germany do even better than this.

—Sorrel, which is a pest to any field, may be eradicated by the judicious application of lime or ashes. The souring principle of sorrel is oxalic acid; if this is removed from the soil, sorrel cannot grow. Lime or potash unite with the oxalic acid, forming oxalate of lime or potash. These substances are sometimes called sweeteners of the soil, from their ability to remove acids from it. Sorrel will never grow on lime soils.

—We see it stated that American hay is objected to on account of its coarseness, as compared with English raised hay. Possibly they got hold of a lot of rank Timothy, but the fact is, American hay is really worth more, as a general thing, than English, for the reason that it grows in a better climate and is usually better cured. We never saw a specimen of hay raised in England that could compare with the average of the hay raised and cured in this country. And stock that had to eat it would come to the same conclusion.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

—A Hamburgh, N. Y., farmer, who has had large experience in feeding cabbage and turnips to cows, says his practice is to feed immediately after milking—never before—and he has never been troubled with the milk being flavored. He also says he feeds turnips whole, with the tops on, as there is no danger from choking when fed in this way.

—Farming is a trade; and a man has to learn it, however much he may know; the knowledge must be applied, and made the man's business. He cannot learn it in a day, but must expect to improve constantly. A good understanding is a very good basis to begin with—it is rearing a superstructure on a good foundation.

—The Texas cattle disease has appeared in Southern California, creating an excitement.

Farmers' Shoe Grease.

Put into some fire-proof vessel one-fourth pound of lard or soft grease like lard, one-fourth pound of tallow—beef or mutton tallow—one-fourth pound of beeswax, half a pint of neatsfoot oil, three or four tablespoonfuls of lampblack, and a piece of gum camphor as large as a hen's egg. Melt the ingredients over a slow fire, and stir them thoroughly after they are melted. Never heat it so hot as to make it boil. Soft grease which has salt in it will not injure the leather. Now, have the leather warm, and warm the grease, not so it will flow, but have it so soft that it may be put on with a brush. Should the leather seem to need it, give the shoes or boots an oiling occasionally. It is not best to dry this shoe grease all in before the fire, but allow it to remain on the surface of the leather. A light coat of this kind will exclude the water even if the boots are exposed to the wet all day. This shoe grease will not injure leather by rendering it hard and inelastic. When a man's boots are exposed to wet, he should wash them clean at night, and hang them up in the kitchen where the leather will dry gradually, and put on a little grease every morning. It is far better to grease a little often than to grease bountifully every ten or twelve days. Leather should not be allowed to become very dry before greasing. Always apply the grease as soon as the leather is almost dry; then the leather will be mellow, and never become hard. Nothing injures boots or shoes more than to set them aside to dry when covered with dirt. Keep boots and shoes away from the fire when they are liable to be heated. Heating the leather injures it.

RECEIPTS.

MINCED COLD RABBIT. — Cut up your meat into a mince, add about a third of its weight of good fat bacon cut equally small; rub well into it some nutmeg, shred lemon peel, salt, and Cayenne pepper, put it into a stewpan with a few tablespoonfuls of stock, stew it for a quarter of an hour, add a good piece of butter rolled in flour, and serve with sippets of fried bread.

TURNIPS AND SUGAR.—Slice the turnip in dice in a saucepan, and throw in boiling water to blanch them. When three-quarters done, take them out. Put them on the fire with a teaspoonful of butter, stir, and leave it simmering till done. Then spread sugar on it, and serve.

Turnips glacis are made the same, only butter is put on them with the sugar, and they are finished in the oven.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 4, 11, 18, 10, is a valuable wood.
My 2, 14, 5, 8, 1, 13, is a rascal.
My 3, 5, 14, 4, is a wild wanderer.
My 4, 9, 8, 2, 1, 5, is a valuable animal.
My 5, 14, 2, 9, 7, is a bird.
My 6, 13, 3, 8, 10, is a country in Europe.
My 7, 1, 5, 23, was a Roman Emperor.
My 9, 14, 2, 1, 3, is a large basin.
My 9, 3, 5, 8, 10, was a rebel general.
My 10, 9, 14, 5, is a portion of time.
My 11, 16, 5, 1, is a title of respect.
My 12, 3, 15, 21, is a kind of cloth.
My 13, 9, 14, 8, is a species of duck.
My 14, 1, 5, 16, 3, 8, is lofty.
My 15, 5, 6, 3, 8, 11, is what we all have to endure.
My 16, 22, 15, 14, is a small quantity.
My 17, 20, 3, 22, is a river in the United States.
My 18, 1, 3, 12, 17, was an English hero.
My 19, 5, 16, 22, 7, is a beautiful constellation.
My 20, 17, 7, 1, 12, 15, is what all should be.
My 21, 5, 22, 18, is a metal.
My 23, 12, 11, 6, 14, 7, was an ancient Celtic bard.
My whole is the name and address of a contributor to the Riddler.

W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

Biblical Enigma.

I am composed of 57 letters.
My 14, 41, 48, 24, 36, was the great grandfather of Jacob.
My 7, 31, 56, 19, was a mountain.
My 5, 46, 54, 43, 26, 29, was a beautiful Jewish maiden.
My 23, 33, 49, 25, was one of the Apostles.
My 31, 12, 48, 9, 34, 1, 28, 53, 38, 44, 8, is one of the books of the New Testament.
My 45, 40, 16, 20, was a prophet.
My 23, 38, 57, 27, 15, 6, 52, was one of the Apostles.
My 11, 47, 17, 30, 24, 22, 2, was a giant.
My 32, 37, 4, 39, 41, 51, 7, is one of the books of the New Testament.
My 35, 33, 44, 21, 3, 5, is one of the books of the Old Testament.
My 18, 18, 50, 42, is a measure.
My whole is one of the proverbs of Solomon.

EVA.
Brinkley's Station, O.

Charade.

My 1st is an entertainment,
My 2nd means to confine,
My 3rd signifies not less.
My whole is a city south of Mason and Dixon's line.

DELL.
Elkton, Md.

Problem.

Required to lay out a lot of land in form of a parallelogram containing 3 acres, 2 roods, and 20 poles, that shall just take 100 rods of wall to enclose, or fence it round. What shall the length and breadth of the lot be?

W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Arithmetical Problem.

Amos is desirous to know the length and breadth of an oblong square tract of land, containing 173 acres and 136 perches, so that it will just take 700 perches of fence to enclose the same. Will any one inform him?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.
Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When a man loses a building lot, is he blind? Don't know; but he has certainly been deprived of his site.

☞ When are ladies' waists ill-tempered? Ans.—When they are waspish.

☞ Why should weddings always be celebrated in the belfry? Ans.—Because it's the proper place for bell-ringing.

☞ Why is it easy to break into an old man's house. Ans.—Because his gait is broken and his locks are few.

☞ Why was Eve the first ritualist convert? Ans.—Because she began by being evangelical, and ended by taking to vestments.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Switzerland. CHARADE—Flood. TRANSPOSITION—Bread, (bad, bed, bead, beard, bear, bade, read, are, dare, dab, red, drab, Ed, Ad, Abe, Deb, brad, barb, era, dear, dead.)

PATE.—A pie usually made with game. In the absence of that we use a pigeon. When cleaned put it in a bakepan. Lay a slice of salt pork on the breast, and place it in the oven for an hour or more.

For the paste. We have four ounces of flour, two of butter, a pinch of salt, half a gill of cold water mixed to a paste. Line the bottom and sides of a flat pan with the paste. The bird is carved as if for the table, and the pieces laid in, and paste covered over the top. Put a little broth or gravy inside, and leave an opening in the top for the steam to escape. Color the top with a yolk of egg and bake. It may be eaten either hot or cold, and will keep a week or ten days, as wanted.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Pare and core some fine large pippins, and cut them into round slices. Soak them in wine, sugar, and nutmeg, for two or three hours. Make a batter of four eggs; a tablespoonful of rose-water; a tablespoonful of wine; a tablespoonful of milk; thicken with enough flour, stirred in by degrees, to make a batter; mix it two or three hours before it is wanted, that it may be light. Heat some butter in a frying-pan; dip each slice of apple separately in the batter, and fry them brown; sift pounded sugar, and grate nutmeg over them.

RISSOLES DE LAPIN.—Take ½lb. of flour, ½lb. butter or lard, and two eggs; make a light but stiff paste, roll it extremely thin, cut it into lozenge or crescent shapes. Take some cold roasted rabbit, cut it into very thin slices, season them, sprinkle a little lemon juice over them, and lay a slice upon as many pieces of paste as you intend to have *rissoles;* cover each with a similar piece of paste, fasten the edges securely, put them into a frying-pan of boiling friture, and turn them as they require it. When browned on both sides, serve while they are quite hot.